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Robert H. H.

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Alice Howman.
4th January 1867

POEMS:

BY

Nobody Knows Who.

SOUTHAMPTON:

FORBES AND PITTMAN,

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1857.

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TO MY DEAREST FRIEND,
CAROLINE GIFFARD PHILLIPSON.

To THEE, the loveliest, best on earth,
These simple lays, of little worth,
I dedicate : oh ! let them be
A touchstone to thy memory,
That when wide space shall us divide,
In fancy I may by thy side
Still wander. Time sad changes brings,
As on, with never-resting wings,
He flies ; and who can say if we again
Shall meet amidst earth's scenes of pain
Or bliss ; but, come what will, my heart
With love for thee shall never part ;
But through all changes, chances, time,
Thy lovely form, thy soul sublime,
In purity and truth shall be
As some bright distant star to me,
Whose rays shall ever have the pow'r
To cheer and bless when night-skies low'r ;
And when for me the sun doth shine,
I'll guide its rays to thee and thine.

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POEMS.

TO _____

OH, could I weave thy thread of life,
How bright thy lot should be,—
A sunny chain, each link a flower
Of hope, and memory.

Thy past should leave not one regret,
Thy future, brightly loom ;
Thy present, sweetly, calmly glide,
Devoid of mist or gloom.

No looking back, with shrinking heart,
Nor forward, with a sigh ;
No hourly, daily ill, should cloud
Thy star of destiny.

Ah ! vain the wish, a lot like this
Was ne'er to mortal given ;
'T would bind the heart too close to earth—
Unfit the soul for Heaven.

The ills of life are wisely sent,
 Thy God afflicts in love ;
 And when a cloud o'ershades thy path,
 Then raise thy thoughts above.

Bend to the stroke in mercy dealt,
 Thy good it has in view,
 And o'er thy daily, hourly life,
 Thy watchfulness renew.

We soon must part, alas ! too soon
 Our friendship be dissolved ;
 But Memory often shall recall
 These hours we so have loved.

The future's hurrying to the past,
 E'en moments may not stay ;
 Without a rest, without a pause,
 On, on, Time wings his way.

And when for us his course is o'er,
 For us life's sands are run,
 In realms above may we renew
 The friendship here begun.

Sorrow, those realms shall not invade,
 No sad farewells be spoken,
 No sighs—no tears—but holy love,
 And joy remain unbroken.

HALIFAX, N. S., 1852.

TO ———

THERE'S a shadow falling on our hearts,
 And a whisper on our ear,
 Telling in sad, low murmurs,
 That the parting hour is near.

It comes like the winds low sobbing,
 That warns of a storm at hand
 Like the wailing of the ocean,
 Washing some lonely strand.

It tells of a coming morrow,
 A morrow when thou shalt be
 Far out on the path that leads thee
 To thy home beyond the sea.

We may not prevent thy going,
 Or bid thee longer stay,
 But with tearful, trembling voices,
 Bid "God speed thee" on thy way.

Oh! our hearts will oft be with thee,
 As the waters bear thee on,
 And the present be forgotten
 In the thoughts of hours long gone.

Fare-thee-well! to Him who holdeth
 Storms and calms in His right hand,
 We commit thee; may He guide thee,
 Safely to thy native land!

HALIFAX, N. S., 1852.

TO MARY.

OH! Sister, stay not long away,
 Our hearth is drear and lone,
 Our yearning hearts would bid thee back,
 And weep that thou art gone.

We miss thy song at twilight hour—
 That hour we loved the best—
 When thy sweet voice swelled on the ear,
 Lulling the heart to rest!

Calming each tumult of the soul,
 In accents soft and low,
 I hear the echo ling'ring yet.
 Sister, why didst thou go?

We miss thee in our hours of mirth,
 And when our hearts are sad,
 Ah! then we miss the strength of *thine*
 That oft made sorrow glad!

Oh! every hour we miss thee more,
 Life's billows fret and foam,
 All things are changed when thou'rt away,
 Dear sister, hasten home.

HALIFAX, N. S., 1852.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

FAINT heart ! wherefore dost thou tremble ?

Thou hast often longed to go.

Wherefore, as thine hour is nearing,

Dost thou shrink, and tremble so ?

Thou hast sorrow'd, oh ! how deeply,

Why, then, would'st thou turn away,

From thy deep and quiet resting ?

Why here longer would'st thou stay ?

Have thy hopes not all been blighted !

Those dear hopes that made thy life !

Wherefore would'st thou struggle longer,

Warring 'gainst the unequal strife ?

Life can have for thee no pleasure—

Wherefore cling so to thy hold !

Troubles ever rise to meet thee,

In a world so false and cold.

In the grave come hide thy sorrows,

There thy head shall rest in peace,

And thy frail and suffering body

Find from pain a blest release.

Words that bring such bitter anguish,

There, shall fall on heedless ears ;

Sighs, that fill the heart to bursting—

Finding no relief in tears—

There, for ever shall be banished,
 From thy deep, and quiet rest ;
 Each quick pulse, there cease its throbbing,
 All be holy, calm, and blest.
 Come ! oh ! wherefore longer tarry ?
 Turn not shudd'ring from the brink,
 Every tie has now been broken
 That to life thy soul would link.

HALIFAX, N. S., 1852.

WORDS OF SADNESS.

Words of sadness ! words of sadness !
 Telling soon that friends must part,
 Crushing all our joy and gladness,
 Bringing sorrow to the heart,—
 Telling of a home, far distant,
 Where, alas ! thou soon must dwell,
 Words of sadness ! oh ! why come ye,
 Thus to break the happy spell
 That around our life has gathered,
 And from which we now must wake,—
 Wake to hear that sad word spoken,
 That from life so oft doth take
 All of joy, and ever sadness
 With it brings, e'en when it comes
 On the ear from voices loved not
 In our hearts, and in our homes,
 But when voices we have cherish'd,
 And with joy so oft have heard,

In the last sad hour of meeting,
 Breathe that dread and blighting word,
 Then in accents faint and falt'ring,
 Comes the sound that bids us part,
 And the echo of that murmur
 Falls undying, on the heart !

HALIFAX, N. S.

TO E——

God speed thy gallant bark, dear love !
 God speed thy gallant bark !
 And guard thee in the daylight,
 And guard thee in the dark :
 And give thee fair and gentle winds,
 To waft thee o'er the sea !
 Though each breath that swells thy canvas
 Will bear a sigh from me.

SPITHEAD, *March 17th*, 1855.

NAY! TAKE THEM HENCE.

NAY! take them hence, my heart is sad—
 Nor gems nor flowers I'll wear—
 They cannot please me now, nor stem
 The sadly-falling tear!

These glitt'ring things are only meant,
 To deck the bright and gay,
 The sorrowing heart they seem to mock,
 In all their rich array!

What care I *now* whose eyes behold?
He is not here to see,
 And praise from other lips is cold,
 Unsought, unloved by me!

Oh! tell me not I *must* be gay—
 My tears I *must* restrain!—
 How *can* I smile or cheerful be
 Until *he* come again.

Then deck my hair with gem and flower—
Then, when my heart is glad;
 But now I bid thee take them hence—
 My heart—my heart is sad.

JULY, 1855.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

Nor purer is the mountain breeze,
 That sweeps o'er heather'd hill,
 Nor purer in its sparkling drops
 The sweetly-murmuring rill—

Not purer is the dew that laves
 The violet in its dell,
 Nor purer is the pearl that lies
 Beneath the ocean's swell—

Not purer is the spotless robe
 The valley lily wears,
 Nor purer nightingale's sweet note
 Entrancing list'ning ears—

Not purer perfume of the rose,
 Just wash'd by summer rain,
 Nor purer dreams of cradled babe,
 So free from earthly stain—

Nor purer are the moon's soft beams,
 That flood with light the sea ;
 Not Heaven, with all its shining host,
 Is purer, love, than thee !

STANZAS.

THY soul is longing to be free,
 And canst thou wish to go,
 And leave a sad and aching void,
 In hearts that love thee so ?

Why dost thou pine ? a few short years,
 And all must sink to rest,
 Temptations—trials, must be ours,—
 But they who bear are blest.

Exemption *none* can claim from these,
 Our life is but a stage ;
 The scenes keep shifting—joy and grief,
 Despondency and rage—

All mingle, and, with giant might,
 To earth the soul would bear ;
 Despair not, but still struggle on—
 The way will soon be clear.

This world, though fair, was never meant
 Our resting place to be ;
 Fruition of our hopes we'll find
 But in Eternity !

Afflictions are but sent in love,
 God judgest not like thee ;
He sees the need, receive each stroke
 In deep humility.

If 'twere not sent, thy soul perchance,
 Lull'd by sin's hateful power,
 Would never wake to know its woe
 Till that sad final hour.

Oh! could'st thou see into the hearts
 Of those *thou* thinkest gay,
 Their hidden tears they may not shed
 Are washing life away.

In some despair is gnawing deep,
 In some remorse thou'dst find;
 In *all*, *some* sorrow finds a place,
Some grief fills every mind.

Then bear thy ills uncomplainingly,
 Pine not to be set free;
 There's *many* an aching heart would change
 Its sadder lot with thee.

LINES.

THEY tell her he's fallen, they tell her he's slain,
 And the fair light of reason, shines never again !
 Hark ! hear that wild laughter, no tears' soothing pow'r
 Can ease her brain's burning in that awful hour.

And yet should we grieve, that oblivion has spread
 Its dark wings in pity o'er her youthful head—
 That she's saved from the mem'ry of happiness gone,
 And wakes not to know she is dreary and lone ?

No visions of horror assail her dark mind,
 She hears no sad wailings, nor shrieks in the wind ;
 She sees not in fancy his weltering form
 As her musings speed forth to the battle's wild storm.

The hoarse boom of cannon sounds not in her ear,
 The hours glide by calmly, without one sad fear ;
 No dreams of wild terror affright her by night.
 Oh ! 'twas God's tender mercy that quench'd reason's light.

Mourn not, for hope fills her soul with its ray,
 As she waits for his coming, and watches each day ;
 She wonders he tarries, but no doubt fills her heart—
 She will watch thus, and wait till her spirit depart.

And weep not for her, though soon her fair head
 Low, low, shall be laid, in her last quiet bed ;
 Breathe not one sigh, for she's gone to her rest,
 To meet the long lost one, amidst Heaven's blest.

There praise and thanksgiving shall fill her glad soul,
 That on earth the dark waters of Lethe did roll
 O'er her mind, and that Heaven in mercy bestowed
 That cloud, which with peace had o'ershadowed life's road.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

OH ! pale is thy cheek, and great sadness is shading thy brow ;
 But in meek resignation thou bearest thine own weight of woe.
 I know that thy spirit oft wanders, far out on the sea,
 And, in fancy, thou seest the white sails that bear him from thee ;
 I know that when others around thee are buried in sleep,
 Thy thoughts dwell on one who is absent, and then may'st thou weep.

Alone, with thy heart's deep fond yearnings, let thy tears fall,
 They will ease grief's tight cords, that seem striving thy brain to
 enthrall

Aye ! fast let them come, and still faster—check not their flow—
 Though hotly they pour from their fountain, they'll cool the brain's
 glow,

Then bury them not in thy bosom, stem not their tide,
 Lest they should tell to another, the grief thou would'st hide.

Perchance, each soft breeze that sweeps o'er thee, brings fear on
its wing,

As to fancy's deep caverns it seemeth a whisper to sing,
A whisper, that tells of a tempest, and then dost thou see
The waves madly lash'd into fury, the storm-fiend exulting in glee.
Thou beholdest the blackness of Heaven, the lightning's bright
glare,

Till fearfully shudd'ring in terror, thou bendest in prayer.

Then swift to thy heart's supplication an answer is sent,
And thou feel'st to thy faith, that was wav'ring, new strength has
been lent.

Thou hearest God's voice on the waters—"Peace, be thou still,"
And quick through thy heart's deep recesses hope's glad voice does
thrill.

And again, and again, in thy rapture, thou bendest thy knee,
And thankest with fervour thy Maker, who comfortest thee.

Aye! ever, and ever, remember, the winds and the wave
Are curb'd by the strong arm of Mercy, and though they may
rave,

And strive to o'erwhelm with their fury, and sink the frail bark,
The Hand that restrains them ne'er falters, in daylight or dark!
Then trustingly give to His keeping, thy loved one at sea,
Believe, without doubting, His goodness, in time, will restore him
to thee.

STANZAS.

THE vault of Heaven is not more blue,
 More pure and deep and soft in hue,
 Than those dear eyes of thine ;
 The morning sun, when from his bed
 He lifts the curtains night has spread,
 Does not more brightly shine.

And whiter than the Alpine snow,
 Gleams forth, beneath thy hair's rich flow,
 That brow so calm and fair ;
 Oh ! had I painter's art to trace
 That face divine, that form of grace,
 A picture rich, and rare.

For unto me thou seem'st a theme,
 For poet's vision—painter's dream—
 Or minstrel's melody ;
 Too bright and fair for all earth's ill,
 Alas ! and must thou still fulfil
 Life's mournful destiny.

Life with its round of hopes and fears,
 Its bitter griefs, its petty cares,
 That still with giant-power ;
 Binds fast the heart with earthly ties,
 And stays its flight, when it would rise
 Beyond the passing hour.

Oh ! could I form a path for thee,
 A path through this world's troubled sea,
 I'd brightly plant it o'er
 With beauteous flow'rs and not one thorn
 Should cause a wound, to bid thee mourn
 The hidden ills in store.

In vain ! in vain ! no mortal power
 Can save thee from the dark sad hour
 Of this world's woes,
 And though bright flowers thy path adorn,
 Alas ! we know that still a thorn
 Lies hid in *ev'ry* rose !

A CANADIAN TALE.

DEEP, in a far Canadian wild,
 A woodland cot in beauty smil'd ;
 Half hidden in a flow'ry shade,
 By rose and honeysuckle made,
 While many a forest flower beside
 (Spread like a carpet far and wide),
 Lent their sweet breath, to make the scene
 A fitting home for fairy queen ;
 Nor was there wanting murmur'ing rill,
 With dreamy thoughts the mind to fill,
 Whose music, as it rippled by,
 Was sweeter than all minstrelsy ;

While here and there the sun's bright beams,
 Mark'd out its course by sparkling gleams ;
 Oh ! never yet was spot more blest,
 With all on earth that's loveliest.

And CORA, she whose home was here,
 Seemed wafted from some brighter sphere ;
 So seldom beauty, such as hers,
 In this sin-blighted world appears.
 So pure, so sweet, so like the thing
 Of poet's wild imagining :
 A being traced in painter's dream,
 Was never lovelier, I ween.
 'Twas not in form or face alone—
 These were a volume of their own—
 But round her all seemed fresh and new,
 Like violet bathed in early dew,
 Before the sun's warm ray doth sip
 One sparkling drop from its sweet lip.
 Her eighteen summers scarce did chase
 The childhood's bloom from off her face,
 For not one grief had touched her brow,
 From years of infancy, till now.
 A mother's love was round her thrown,
 No other friend she e'er had known,
 Save her old grandsire, who ador'd
 Even her lightest spoken word.
 These the sole tenants of that cot,
 A trio by the world forgot.

One eve, as CORA by the stream
 Sat lost in many a pleasant dream,
 A loud shrill neigh fell on her ear,
 Making her start, in sudden fear,

While near her dash'd, at frantic speed,
 A riderless, affrighted steed :
 What is it makes her cheek turn pale,
 White as the lily of the vale ?
 Oh, piteous sight ! the rider too,
 One moment meets her startled view—
 Caught in the stirrup by his heel,
 Bleeding and torn : well may she kneel
 And cry for help, for sore the need
 Both of the rider and the steed.
 Straight on, before their headlong course,
 A chasm, many yards across,
 So deep that one could scarcely brook
 To give one dizzy, downward look,
 Lies, almost hidden by a screen
 Of underwood of dazzling green.
 Oh ! well may CORA veil her eyes,
 As onward still that mad horse flies ;
 Another bound, and he must gain
 The chasm's brink ! her reeling brain
 Seems frenzied by the fearful sight—
 A darkness like a cloud of night,
 Gathers around her : but too soon
 Passes this momentary swoon,
 And once again, she dares to look,
 While every nerve is strained and shook.
 A sudden light beams in her eye—
 What is it that she doth descry ?
 Oh, *can* it be ! a gladsome thrill
 Of joy her fainting pulses fill ;
 Yet scarcely can she dare believe
 Her eyes, that they do not deceive ;
 For, from death's very jaws is riven
 That rider, by the hand of heaven.

There on the chasm's brink he lay,
 While never more the light of day
 Shall dawn upon the courser's sight—
His eyes are closed in endless night.
 What providence was it did save,
 His master from that rocky grave?
 A broken girth the saddle freed,
 Just at the moment the poor steed
 Gave his last plunge. Oh! who can tell,
 The thoughts that fast o'er CORA swell,
 As gaining that too fatal spot,
 She stoops to mark if life is not
 Extinct in that pale deathlike form,
 And weeps to see how sadly torn,
 And stained with gore, is that wan face,
 Which in her lap finds resting place?
 Despairingly, she looks around,
 Alas! is *no* help to be found?
 Will *no one* come? "Mother!" she cries.
 Oh joy! her mother's voice replies,
 "My child, where art thou? Why that cry,
 "As though in bitter agony?
 "What! what, has fallen?" "Nay be calm,
 "Dear mother, I am free from harm;
 "But one lies here, sore, sore in need
 "Of aid. Oh! use thy utmost speed
 "To bring some water from the stream,
 "For still I think there is one gleam
 "Of life yet left within his breast:
 "Bring water, then, I'll tell the rest."

Feebly the drooping lids are raised—
 One sudden glance as though amazed,—

A thought, perhaps, that angels bright
 Are round him in the realms of light.
 He strives to move, but ah! the pain,
 Renews that death-like swoon again.
 The cot is near, but how can they
 That lifeless burden there convey?
 CORA must seek her grandsire's aid:—
 His quick invention soon has made
 A couch of boughs and leaves entwined,
 And thus, with all their strength combined,
 With frequent restings on the way,
 They gain their home, while still he lay
 In that deep faint—till now, in bed,
 His wounds all dress'd, again there spread
 The faintest glow o'er his pale cheek.
 With feeble voice he tries to speak—
 "Where am I? Say? And who art thou
 "That bathes my pain'd and burning brow?
 "Surely some angel from the sky,
 "Sent to relieve this agony."
 A soft smile played on CORA's lip,—
 "Thou'rt better now; first try to sip
 "This draught, and then I will narrate
 "The story of thy present state."
 Again she bathes his aching head,
 Where cooling bandages are spread,
 And while he lay, with half-closed eyes,
 The tale of peril she supplies;
 A silent prayer is raised to heaven
 For the great mercy to him given—
 While a sad tear his eyelids wet,
 For one who long had been a pet,
 His much-loved horse—he cannot bear
 To think of him, laid mangled there.

And now, he tells his own short tale,
 How he had sought that lonely vale,
 To track the wild Canadian deer,
 Who at that season herded near;
 And, tired of the sport, was then
 Wending his homeward way again.
 An Indian, who had been his guide,
 Had left him near the streamlet's side,
 And he was riding carelessly—
 Lost in a pleasant reverie—
 The reins from out his hand had slipt,
 When suddenly his poor horse tript,
 And he, all unprepared, was thrown—
 Since then, he nothing more had known
 Till now : and then a deep-drawn sigh
 Bespoke the pang of memory.
 He further told how his *true* home,
 Lay far o'er the Atlantic's foam :
 Dear England ! would that he could see
 The faces loved that dwell in thee.
 His gentle mother, how she'd grieve
 When the sad tale she did receive.
 And then, in accents soft and low,
 That straight to CORA's heart did go,
 His thanks were given for the care
 Of those who kindly nursed him there.
 He feels less pain, his eyes soon close,
 This time in deep and calm repose.

Now let us turn to that bright home,
 That REGINALD had called his own
 (For this his name).—A lordly hall,
 With many a dome, and turret tall,

With many an acre, where there stray'd
 The deer, all free and undismay'd ;
 And noble timber, in its age
 Told of long years of heritage.
 See ! he who now owns these broad lands,
 There, on that sloping terrace, stands.
 England has not a nobler name,
 Amongst her noblest to proclaim,
 Than his, and in his haughty eye
 One reads his long nobility.
 Scarce past his prime—a man that few
 Could pass and not their gaze renew—
 Something above the common herd,
 Like eagle, midst the lesser bird ;
 And still, in that patrician face,
 There dwells a soft and winning grace—
 A something there that gives to view
 The heart, and speaks *it* noble too.

A look of mingled love and pride
 Is giv'n to her who by his side
 Now stands, fair in her womanhood,
 As when a blushing bride she stood
 And taught her trembling lip to say—
 “ To love to honor, and obey,
 Through life ”—and she had kept that vow,
 In all its purity, till now.
 These were his parents, well might he
 Pine their loved faces now to see,
 He was their pride—their only one,
 And worthy of their devotion ;
 With youth's wild longing, from his home
 His eager spirit seeks to roam ;

And thus, adventurous, he goes
 To brave the deep Canadian snows ;
 The far-famed moose, himself to chase,
 There in its own wild resting place ;
 Oh ! had they guessed his sorry plight,
 Methinks they'd been less calm to night.

But CORA's face soon makes amends
 To REGINALD for absent friends,
 As day by day returning strength
 Beats in each pulse, until at length
 He wanders forth, she for his guide,
 Along the beauteous streamlet's side ;
 And as they reach the spot where he
 So nearly met eternity,
 A sigh is breathed, a tear is shed,
 O'er his loved steed's, deep quiet bed ;
 While CORA's heart's too full to speak,
 As thoughts of him hath paled her cheek :
 One moment more, that fatal day,
 And he from earth had passed away.
 Poor CORA ! love had sunk his dart
 Deep in her pure and guileless heart,
 And though she thought the wound concealed,
 That hour the secret had revealed ;
 And REGINALD ? Oh ! he was blest,
 To note that love for him confess'd.
 For, from the moment he had seen
 Her face, she unto him had been,
 Too dear, and yet he may not tell
 The fond thoughts that within him dwell.
 His parents ? Could they ever brook
 That he a nameless bride thus took

From out this far uncultured wild ?
His wife a simple cotter's child !
 Nay, in their pride, they would disown,
 And cast him forth from his loved home ;
 And yet, if they could see her now,
 Where could they find a nobler brow ?
 Methinks, a coronet were graced,
 To be on such a fair head placed ;
 I'll with them plead, surely their love
 For me should should raise them far above
 The world's cold ways. Will they let me
 Wear out my life in misery ?
 For ne'er again, I feel, can I
 Be happy without CORA nigh.
 These were the thoughts, that through his brain
 Passed quickly, as they turned again
 To seek that quiet home, where they
 Had lived for weeks so happily.

* * * * *

A winter pass'd, and spring again
 Smiles gaily in that lovely glen ;
 And CORA seeks once more the stream ;
 But where has fled that sunny gleam
 That round her footsteps erst hath play'd,
 As once so merrily she stray'd ?
 There dwells within her breast a pain,
 Long struggled with, but all in vain ;
 Deeply it gnaws till her young heart,
 Is ready with its life to part ;
 " Oh ! had he loved me, he had ne'er
 Left me to weep, in this despair ;
 He never spoke of love, but I
 Thought that I read it in his eye ;

And in the tone that sadly fell,
 Broken and low, in his farewell.
 Oh! bitter word, since then no ray
 Of light, has cheered my lonely way.
 Is his heart happy? Or, like mine,
 Does it in untold sorrow pine?"
 Thus mused the maid, her head bent low,
 Tears mingling with the streamlet's flow.

Oh! REGINALD, thy heart had bled
 To see that bow'd and weary head.
 Vainly he'd urged his father's pride,
 To let him seek her for his bride;
 His mother he had long since won,
 Aye! long before his tale was done
 Of CORA's watchfulness, and care,
 While he lay scarcely living there.
 She longed to play a mother's part,
 And press the fair girl to her heart;
 For oh! her gentle nature mourned
 To see how changed, since he returned,
 Was her loved son. How unto him
 Life had grown weary, dark, and dim;
 How his bright smile, had grown so rare,
 And in his eye dwelt heavy care;
 Oh! gladly she had giv'n her all,
 His joyous bearing, back to call.

And that proud father, too, perceived,
 The change, and in his heart he grieved;
 He loved the boy, but how could he
 See him thus wed a nobody?

This forest child !—'t was madness quite,
 Nay, he would shut out from his sight
 His son's deep wretchedness, and steel
 His breast—no softness it should feel.
 Thus did he reason, but could he
 Be firm while still this misery
 Wax'd yet more strong, till REGINALD
 By scarce a link to life seemed held ?

* * * * *

O'er the Atlantic's deep blue wave
 There speeds a bark, all fair and brave,
 Her full sails bending to the breeze,
 Right merrily she ploughs the seas
 Of this vast ocean, but too slow
 For one impatient heart does go.
 Ah ! REGINALD a bird's swift wing
 Would seem a slow and loitering thing
 To bear thee o'er the billows foam
 To thy dear CORA's forest home.

Yes, he has conquered ! his proud sire
 Has yielded to his fond desire ;
 And, with a light and joyous heart,
 He goes to play a lover's part :
 To woo sweet CORA for his own,
 And bear her from that bower lone ;
 In stately hall with him to dwell,
 For ah ! he knows she loves him well.
 He'd marked upon her lovely cheek
 The hue of death, as he did speak
 His sad farewell, and in her eye
 There'd been a look that had well nigh

Broken his heart, for it had told
 Of grief that words could not unfold ;
 Oh ! how through life 'twill be his care
 All future pain to strive to spare,
 And with his deep affection try
 T' repay her hours of agony.

Poor CORA ! hadst thou known whose feet
 Were near, as on that rugged seat
 Thou sat'st—thy thoughts a distant way
 Gone o'er the ocean's glitt'ring spray,
 Floating in fancy on the wave
 That *his* fair island home doth lave—
 Those pearly drops had never fell
 So sadly from their beauteous cell.
 Oh ! was there *nothing* in thy heart
 The coming joy that did impart ?
 Did no quick throb a warning bring
 And o'er thy mind sweet comfort fling ?
 Nay, she is calm, and doth not hear
 The steps so quickly drawing near,
 Till, with a cry, that head doth rest
 On REGINALD's true loving breast.

My tale is finished. CORA now
 A coronet wears on her brow,
 And diamonds glitter in her hair,
 Where once the wild rose mingled there ;
 Fairest amidst a bright fair throng,
 With native grace she moves along ;
 Her gentle heart is still the same
 As when from that far wild she came,

Her beauteous lip ne'er curls in scorn,
For she remembers she was born
A cotter's child, though they are dead
Who o'er her early life had shed
Their love. True heart! she ne'er forgot,
Though changed so greatly was her lot.
And that stern father blest the day
That he to REGINALD gave way.
For CORA's presence all made bright,
And the old home seemed filled with light.

STANZAS.

I have not known thee long, and yet
'Tis hard to say farewell ;
That crushing word sounds to my ear
Like a sad funereal knell.

Perchance we may never meet again—
Thy path may not lie with mine ;
But long in memory's treasured haunts
Thy pale sweet face shall twine.

And oft shall I recall these days—
Days that had else been sad,
But for thy gentle loving voice
Making my heart feel glad.

And now that voice is hushed for me—
Hush'd, hush'd, and thou art gone ;
But deep within where thine image dwells,
Its echo lingers on.

And ever and ever, while life shall throb—
In my heart, love, fond and true—
Unchanging, undying—shall ever dwell
In its inmost depths for you.

NAY, LET ME WEEP.

NAY, let me weep, why should I strive
 To seem what I am not?
 Why wreathe my lip with tortured smiles,
 Mocking my heart's sad lot?

I may not tell one half the grief
 That makes these sad tears fall;
 Unbidden all, from their deep fount
 They spring, nor wait my call.

Who, that has parted with the loved—
 The dearest one on earth—
 Feels not, at times, of hope bereft,
 And shrinks from tones of mirth?

Oh! the sudden start and the paling cheek,
 At a glance or a tone suppress'd,
 And the quivering thrill of each unstrung nerve,
 Tell of the heart's unrest.

The longed-for letter still comes not,
 And the spirit faints with fear,
 And rife is the fancy with troubled dreams,
 Sinking all hope to despair.

A nameless dread of coming ill,
 Like a heavy shadow falls,
 And the eye grows dim, we know not why,
 And sad thought the mind énthralls.

Unheeded, then, life's joys and cares
 Pass by, we note them not;
 Hopeless and desolate we turn
 And weep,—'t is woman's lot.

STANZAS.

Oh! pale, pale is thy cheek, dearest,
 And from out thy deep blue eye,
 A light (but not of this world) gleams
 Like a warning from on high.

There's a calm that sits on thy high pure brow,
 That tells of a soul at rest,
 And thy spirit seems eager to wing its flight
 To the happy home of the blest.

Oh! lovely! but fragile as woodland flow'r,
 Too fair for this rude world's strife.—
 Too tender to bear the storms that sweep
 O'er the daily paths of life.

Thy home is not here—'t is beyond the sky,
 Where soon thou shalt wend thy way ;
 There thy pale cheek shall glow with immortal bloom,
 And thine eye, there, resume its bright ray.

But oh ! there are hearts that may not be calm,
 As they watch thy life decay—
 Sad aching hearts, that, of thee bereft,
 On the earth care not to stay.

'T were selfish, the wish that would keep thee here ;
 But, alas ! we 're of mortal mould,
 And to part with the dearest, the *best* beloved,
 Is agony not to be told.

To give to the grave the loved, loved face,
 Though we know that the spirit has fled
 To the realms of bliss, who breathes not the wish—
 Would ! that I, too, were dead !

ON FINDING A WITHERED LEAF
IN MY ROOM.

WHENCE comest thou, and wherefore art thou here,
Thou faded leaf, so wither'd and so sear?
Alone, far from thy kindred, thou hast stray'd,
And at my feet in weariness art laid.

Hast thou come far o'er breezy hill and dell—
Borne on the autumn blast? Oh, leaflet tell!
Say, have the eyes I love e'er glanced on thee?
Say, was thy early home beyond the sea?

Thou liest here, a blighted, faded thing.
Ah! different were thy hues, when balmy spring
Called thee to life; then deck'd with emerald dye,
Quiv'ring with joy, thou watched the summer sky.

But brief thy joy, soon is thy summer past,
Torn from thy parent stem by wintry blast;
Plutt'ring and shrinking leaflet, thou must die,
Alone, without one sister leaflet nigh.

Here lie thee down upon thy mother's breast—
Thy mother earth, who calls thee to thy rest;
Perchance, again the spring's reviving breath
May bid thee wake from out thy sleep of death.

STANZAS.

My beauteous star! the fairest gems
That stud with fire earth's diadems,
Grow dim when thou dost condescend
Thy living light this world to lend.

Oh, sweet pale star! thy gentle light
Burns with a fire pure and bright;
But still, methinks, I see thy rays
Gleam fainter than in former days.

I strive to think my eyes deceive,
But, ah! in vain. I must believe;
As tremblingly thy glow I mark,
Now bright, now but a fading spark.

Thick clouds are gath'ring from afar,
To veil thy face, dear, lovely star!
Denser and faster on they roll,
The night-wind seems thy dirge to toll.

And faintly midst the trees I hear
A wailing sob, so sad and drear,
As though the murmur'd words were said—
Thy loved star's sinking to the dead.

Thus, as I watch, a thrill of pain
Comes o'er me, for I see thee wane.
Oh! linger still, leave us not yet,
'T were night indeed, when thou hast set.

FAST I FEEL MY SOUL IS FLEETING.

FAST I feel my soul is fleeting
 To the realms on high.
 Weep not, dear ones, still your sorrow,
 Breathe not one sad sigh.

Earth for me was ever dreary—
 Would ye bid me stay
 Where such pain and grief beset me.
 Oh ! I would away.

Bear me to some quiet churchyard,
 Where I may have rest ;
 Where wild flowers shall bloom and flourish,
 The sweetest and the best.

Lay me far from this world's bustle,
 Where no foot profane,
 E'er shall press the turf that covers
 This now throbbing brain.

Perfect rest ! oh, joy seraphic !
 Rest I ne'er have known ;
 Racking pain no more to tear me—
 Still'd each sigh and groan.

Quiet grave ! oh, who would dread thee ?—
 Wreck'd and tempest-torn—
 Thou to me a haven seemest
 To my bark forlorn.

Deep and silent, in thy chambers,
 Strife may never come ;—
 Bitter words with untold torture,
 Blighting hearth and home.

Tones and taunting looks that madden—
 Scorn's most chilling sneer—
 All from this last home excluded :
 None can enter here.

Hope of many an aching spirit,
 By the world opprest,
 Torn and buffeted by sorrow,
 Grave ! thy bed is rest.

LINES.

OH ! weep not, dear lady, weep, weep not so,
 Chase that dark cloud from thy aching brow ;
 Back to thy lip bid the bright smile once more,
 Recall to thine eye the calm light that is o'er :
 Let a cloud of oblivion o'er the past sweep,
 For oh ! my heart aches to see thee thus weep.

I know the fond dreams of thy youth are o'er,
 Thy bright hopes lie buried to rise no more.
 I know that great sorrow has riven thy heart—
 Bidding all joy from thy life depart—
 But oh ! if thou canst, let the bright past sleep :
 Bear thee up bravely ! oh, do not thus weep.

The future may have some bright things in store ;
 Friends still are left thee, true as of yore ;
 Some may have fail'd thee, but oh, there are those
 Who would give up their all for *thy* heart's repose—
 Fond yearning spirits, who with joy would steep
 That life o'er which you now sadly weep.

Stem ! stem ! this torrent, calm thy deep woe,
 Vain, for the past, do thy tears sadly flow ;
 Storms fierce and wild have swept o'er thy young head,
 Cold worldling's scorn, o'er thy pathway been shed ;
 But lift thy pure eyes far from this earth away,
 And weep not for things that so soon must decay.

Tears such as thine may bring no relief,
 Each drop thou sheddest but adds to thy grief ;
 Bitter and hot, from the fountain they pour,
 Searing thy heart in this desolate hour.
 Calm thee ! oh calm thee, lift thy bow'd head,
 Fling back the shadow o'er thy pale face spread.

Which of thy hopes, when to certainty brought,
 Seemed the bright thing thou so eagerly sought ?
 Which of them satisfied ? Which of them lent
 To thy fond longing unmixed content,
 Filling with quiet thy spirit's unrest,
 Lulling each tumult that filled thy breast ?

Did not attainment, like spring's early flow'r,
 Blossom and perish in one passing hour ?
 Leaving behind it vain thoughts of regret,
 Causing hope's bright ray so sadly to set ?
 Earth has no happiness, lasting and deep ;
 Its sorrows are fleeting. Why dost thou weep ?

OH ! SAY, MY HEART, WHY ART
THOU SAD.

OH ! say, my heart, why art thou sad ?
Now, when thou shouldest be most glad—
Now, when from lands beyond the sea,
Thy loved, thine own, comes home to thee ?

Why do the tear-drops dim thine eye,
And why that sad and frequent sigh ?
Is it because thy love has flown,
Or into cold indifference grown ?

My love grown cold ? Oh ! could I tell
How deep, how true, how fond, how well,
Unchanging still, till life depart,
That love must dwell within my heart !

But yet, but yet that heart has room,
Despite its joy, for thoughts of gloom ;
Or else, perchance, that joy's full weight
Had been a burden all too great.

My eyes are dim, because I leave
The friends whose love did o'er me weave
A chain of bright and sunny flowers,
That cheer my else sad lonely hours.

And though that chain, with its bright spell,
Through life its tale of love may tell,
And ever bind, with strongest tie,
My grateful heart and memory,

Still each bright link must sadly strain
When parting, though to meet again ;
And every flower could weeping tell
The blight that falls in each farewell !

Then chide me not because I sigh
When hope and happiness are nigh,
Or that the tear drops rise and start
When thus from friends so dear I part.

LINES WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS
NIGHT, 1855.

THE hall was deck'd with festal flowers,
The holly branch was there ;
And eyes grew bright, and hearts more warm,
All blithe with Christmas cheer.

But one amidst that joyous throng
Sat silent and alone ;
The light from out her eye had fled,
Her happy smile was gone.

She reck'd not that the dance went on—
Her ear was deaf to song—
Her heart was far from that gay scene—
Heedless they passed along.

She listened to the stormy wind ;
To her, it seemed to wail,
And to her fever'd fancy came
Wild shrieks upon the gale.

She knew the waves were tossing high,
She heard them lash the shore,
And strove in vain to close her ear
To their loud deafning roar.

Her heart grew sick and faint with fear,
As fiercer raged the blast,
And every gust successive seemed
More furious than the last.

She knew that on that stormy main
A frail bark rose and fell,
And white and quiv'ring grew her lip,
To hear its stormy swell.

That bark held one, more dear than life ;
Well might her eye grow dim—
The world's gay throng unheeded pass—
Her thoughts are all of him.

To her it was no merry time,
It all seemed drear and sad,
For he was absent who alone
Could make her heart feel glad.

OH! HAPPINESS! IN VAIN, IN VAIN.

OH, happiness! in vain, in vain,
 We seek thy dwelling here;
 Thou hast no resting place below,
 On earth's cold chilling sphere.

In vain! the busy seekers strive
 To catch thy fleeting form,
 Lured on by hope's bright cheering ray,
 Unheeding many a storm.

Still pressing onward, till at last,
 The drooping spirit feels
 The chase is useless, and faint hope
 His broken wing reveals.

Ah! when did hope's fruition bring
 The happiness we sought;
 A happiness long waited for
 With tears too dearly bought!

Did e'er attainment bring content?
 Alas! we're mortal mould,
 And every longing satisfied,
 New longings but unfold.

Oh ! sad, that in the whole wide world,
No heart is free from care ;
That *some* grim spectre haunts each home—
Some grief dwells every where.

The child, the man, the hoary head—
Each have their troubled hours ;
Some poisoned weed finds lurking-place
Amidst the fairest flow'rs.

Then look beyond this world to find
Where happiness does dwell ;
Its resting-place was never here,
As *many* a heart can tell.

JANUARY, 1856.

TO-MORROW!

Oh, to-morrow! oh, to-morrow!
On thy wings comes bitter sorrow,
Bidding hearts that love to sever
Parting them perhaps for ever.

Oh, to-morrow! how I fear thee,
Thou from all life's joy will tear me,
From my heart thou 'lt crush all gladness,
Steeping me in woe and sadness.

Oh, to-morrow! thy dread coming
Ever o'er my pathway looming;
Joy's bright circle making narrow,
With thy sad and dark'ning shadow.

Oh, to-morrow! thy fell power
Has crushed many an else-glad hour;
With many a tear mine eyelids steeping,
While lighter hearts were deeply sleeping.

Oh, to-morrow! fast thou 'rt nearing;
Quickly on to-day is wearing;
Now thy drear attainment closes,
And in the lap of night reposes.

Oh, to-morrow! of thy dawning
Midnight chimes are giving warning,
Each sharp stroke my heart is swelling.
With a grief that knows no telling.

THE REQUEST.

WHEN the morning light is flooding
 Earth, sky, and sea,
 And the lark's pure song is rising,
 Sweetly and free ;
 When the silv'ry dew is glist'ning
 O'er all the lea,
 And flow'rs from their beds are peeping,
 Then think of me.

THE ANSWER.

I'LL think of thee at early dawn,
 And when the mid-day glows ;
 I'll think of thee when coming eve
 Its length'ning shadow throws ;
 I'll think of thee when twilight hour
 Its spell shall breathe o'er me :
 And when night's curtains darkly fall,
 Then will I think of thee.

THE DREAM.

Oh, bright was the dream, but 't is past—'t is past—
 A vision too lovely—too dear to last ;
 Cheating my heart with its seeming stay,
 Then suddenly winging its flight away.

Oh ! the lingering tone of its farewell note
 Round my saddened spirit seems still to float
 With a dirge-like sound, so sad and drear,
 Like a funeral knell to my straining ear.

But soon e'en that echo shall fall and die,
 For the storm-clouds grow thick on my once clear sky ;
 And the fading glow of the summer day,
 In the gathering darkness is dying away.

The sob and wail of life's coming storm,
 On the breath of the night to my ear is borne,
 And the foam-cap'd billows are rising fast,
 To drown, in their fury, the once bright past.

Ah ! why did that dream, with delusive ray,
 Gild my life for a moment, and then flee away,
 Leaving me stranded on sorrow's shore,
 Never to rise from its deep sands more ?

But still, as the waves of time shall sweep
 O'er my shattered bark, I may vainly weep,
 And strive to recall the faintest gleam
 Of that early, that lov'd, that vanish'd dream.

STANZAS.

What makes thy cheek so pale, dear love ?
What makes thine eye so sad ?
Oh ! turn thee from these dreary thoughts
Let thy poor heart be glad.

Sunshine alone was never meant
With mortal form to dwell,
Life's chequered path must ever have
Its tale of grief to tell.

What though a cloud has dim'd the light
That brightly round thee shone,
Lift up thy head, look bravely out,
The clouds will soon pass on.

Though fond hopes perish, fresh and fair,
Again new hopes will rise,
Whose buds and blossoms yet may bind
Thy heart with strongest ties.

But if to thy heart earth may yield no balm,
Nor time ease thy aching breast,
The grave has a calm that nought can disturb,
And in heav'n is joy and rest.

LOOSE ! LOOSE ! THE WHITE SAIL !

Loose ! loose ! the white sail !
 Let the sheet kiss the gale !
 Though sad are our hearts the while ;
 For we go o'er the foam
 From our own dear home,
 And vainly the lip tries to smile.

Ere the night closes round,
 We shall hear not a sound,
 Save the voice of the waves and the wind ;
 But the ear yet shall thrill
 With the echo that still
 Falls from musical tones left behind.

Oh ! the storm, in its glee,
 May rage wild o'er the sea,
 And hoarsely may sound its loud note
 It will only then seem,
 As our hearts fondly dream,
 In melody round us to float.

There are eyes that will weep,
 And a sad vigil keep,
 As o'er the dark waters we steer ;
 And where'er we may go,
 Fond and true hearts, we know,
 For our safety will oft breathe a prayer.

Then loose the white sail !
 Though the cheek may turn pale,
 For the loved and the dear ones we leave ;
 Those eyes will grow bright,
 And those hearts yet be light,
 When, homeward, the waters we cleave.

LINES.

My bark spreads forth her snowy sails,
 The fair wind seems to woo,
 And I must wend my seaward course—
 Must bid my last adieu !

'T were vain to tell thee how I love—
 Thou knowest it too well ;
 And though the word my full heart break
 Yet must I say farewell !

Oh ! had we met in earlier years !
 But now, too late, too late,
 I may not ask if thou wilt share
 My blighted fallen state !

I would not see thy bright, bright lot
 Link'd to a fate like mine ;
 But oh ! while life still holds her throne,
 Thy image I 'll enshrine !

To leave thee thus is agony,
 Too deep, too great for tears,
 This pallid cheek must tell the grief
 My aching bosom bears !

And thou, I bid thee never let
 Thy pure thoughts dwell on me ;
 I bid thee cast my very name
 From out thy memory !

Let Lethe's wave roll o'er thy heart,
 And let our meeting seem,
 Throughout thy life, but unto thee
 As some wild midnight dream.

I would not have one single tear
 For me dim thy bright eye ;
 Nor would I have thee breathe for me
 One solitary sigh !

Oh ! may thy path with flowers be deck'd,
 Thy life be free from ill,
 And ne'er thy heart, like mine, be wreck'd—
 Despair thy bosom fill !

Farewell ! farewell ! my reeling brain
 In vain would calm its woe ;
 It throbs to madness with its pain—
 Farewell ! I go, I go !

STANZAS.

SPEED ! oh, speed thee o'er the waters—
Let no storm-wind blow ;
Gentle gales, and prosperous, waft thee
Whither thou would'st go !

I for thee will watch and tarry,
Shedding no sad tear ;
Hope's bright beacon ever burning,
Shall my dark days cheer !

Still beguiling weary hours
With fond blissful dreams,
Lighting up the gloomy present
With their sunny gleams !

Think of me, but not in sadness,
Though 't is grief to part ;
Sorrow's antidote lies hidden
In my hopeful heart.

Light and buoyant on the waters,
Speed, then, on thy way ;
While for thee I watch and tarry,
I for thee will pray.

STANZAS.

NEAR, and nearer draws the hour—
 The hour that bids us part—
 The shadow of that bitter anguish
 Falls darkly on my heart.

The lone and dreary days to follow
 On that sad word, "Farewell,"
 Now haunt me : how I dread their coming,
 'T were vain to strive to tell.

No voice of love to still my weeping—
 To soothe with softest tone ;
 No arm to guard, no heart to rest on :
 Alone ! oh, all alone !

In vain hope's voice tells of a meeting,
 Now that the parting's near ;
 Beyond that hour of pain and sorrow :
 All ! all looks dark and drear.

Oh ! *what* shall compensate for partings
 That rend life's dearest ties ?
 The fondest meeting ne'er effaces
 That hour's agonies.

Though wounds be healed—aye ! e'en the deepest—
 Still shall the scar remain
 Through life, and death alone removeth
 That witness of our pain.

Oh, earth ! oh, earth ! thy joys are fleeting—
 Unstaple as the wave ;
 The heart that rests its all upon thee,
 Must find an early grave.

Oh, heart of mine, still thy deep anguish,
 In heaven thy hopes must centre ;
 The journey's short, the haven neareth,
 Where partings may not enter.

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

I'LL think of thee in joy's bright hour,
 I'll think of thee in grief ;
 I'll think of thee midst summer flowers,
 'Mid autumn's fading leaf ;
 I'll think of thee when winter's storms
 Fall fast o'er hill and dale,—
 By day, by night, in weal or woe,
 My thoughts shall with thee dwell.

STANZAS.

FAREWELL! farewell! since thou must go,
 God speed thee o'er the sea;
 In vain my quivering lip would tell
 My heart's deep love for thee!

But thou! I know thou need'st not words
 That heart's fond tale to tell;
 The one sole image treasured there—
 Thou knowest it full well.

Oh! what shall fill its aching void—
 Its yearnings after thee;
 Oh! who shall still its beating pain,
 When thou art gone from me?

Poor stricken heart, where is thy hope—
 Why art thou so cast down?
 Is there *no* haven left for thee?
 Has *ev'ry* comfort flown?

Be firm! be brave! what though this storm
 Shake loose thy dearest tie,
 Others still dear thou hast to bind
 With their fond memory.

Brightly the distant morrow looms;
 Why should'st thou joyless be?
 Oh! coward heart, dispel this cloud
 That hides the light from thee.

There are many sunbeams round thy path,
And many bright, bright flowers ;
Why turn from these to *one* sharp thorn—
One cloud, that darkly lowers ?

Oh ! thankless heart, thy lot is crowned
With joys that few may know ;
Remember ! He ! who thus has blessed,
Has will'd thy present woe.

And doubt not but 't is sent in love,
'T is mercy deals the stroke ;
Take heed lest thy deep murmurings
A heavier blow invoke !

HOPE.

WE met! but again has come round the dread parting,
Once more the cold seas of the north thou must brave;
But hope a bright shadow is o'er my heart casting,
And whispers thou soon will return o'er the wave.

Oh! fast sped the hours so cheerily passing,
Too quickly, alas!—far too soon they are o'er;
But a voice in soft murm'ring, like sweet music dropping,
Tells of those hours returning once more.

Deep, deep, in my heart, sinks that voice, and with gladness
Lights up the dark cloud that was o'er my path thrown;
Stilling and calming my fast-growing sadness,
Restoring the smile that had from my lip flown.

And still as I listen, when seas shall be swelling
Between us, may ever that voice greet my ear;
By day and by night, with its soft cadence thrilling,
Chasing back sorrow and lulling each fear.

Then let no sad tears with our farewell be mingled,
Look out on the future—the present forget—
Let hope's radiant star from all others be singled
To light and to guide us till life shall have set.

CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

I AM thinking of the merry days
When I was but a child,
And thoughts are crowding on my heart
Of freaks and frolics wild !

I am thinking of the lovely flowers
I plucked with careless hand,
And deemed the coronet they made
Unrivalled in the land !

I am thinking of that silvery brook,
Deep in the forest shade,
Where hour by hour, in summer time,
I with my sisters play'd.

What though my heart hath trials known—
What though dark shadows fall—
What though sad tears oft dim mine eye,
As I those days recall,

Still those bright days shall come again,
In fond and blissful dreams,
And with a cheerful light o'erspread
My path with sunny gleams.

Oh ! childhood's hours ! ye long shall dwell
In memory's hidden cave,
And thoughts of ye shall help to waft
My boat o'er life's dark wave.

LINES.

OH! maid of my heart! thou art passing fair,
 With thy azure eyes, and thy deep brown hair;
 There's a witching spell in thy dimpled cheek,
 And thy mouth needs not language or voice to speak.

But oh! unto me there's a deeper spell
 Than e'en on thy lip or thy cheek doth dwell—
 Than e'en in the tones of thy thrilling voice,
 Whose echo alone maketh me rejoice.

'T is thy heart—thy heart—which is pure and true,
 And more lovely to me than those eyes of blue;
 For I know that Time, with his changeful wing,
 Shall never a change o'er that true heart bring.

I know that while life in thy bosom glows,
 Love never shall sink into death's repose;
 Nor pain, nor sorrow, nor grief it quench,
 Nor one fond link from its bright chain wrench.

Oh! fairest maiden, thou seem'st to me
 A vision too bright for reality;
 A pictured fancy, a waking dream,
 To shed o'er life's darkness a sunny gleam.

OH! MY LITTLE FLOATING PALACE.

Oh! my little floating palace!
 Happy home thou'st been to me;
 Happy as e'er home on land was,
 Fairy palace on the sea!

Light and graceful on the water,
 Like a bird, with wings of snow;
 Oh! that thou could'st waft me with thee,
 Wheresoever thou may'st go.

But, alas! I soon must leave thee,
 Distant far away to dwell;
 While thou bear'st the loved and dear one
 Swift across the ocean's swell.

I shall watch thee spread thy white wings,
 With a heart by grief opprest;
 And, till thou again returnest,
 That poor heart will know no rest.

Blinding tears my eyes are filling—
 I would check their flow in vain—
 As I think how near the time is:—
 Time of parting—time of pain!

Oh! my home! my fairy palace!
 Soon a home no more to me!
 May heaven an ark of safety make thee
 In thy journeys o'er the sea.

H. M. S. ———, MARCH 15, 1856.

THE OCEAN'S DEAD.

OH ! coldly ye lie on your coral bed,
'Neath the deep sea waves, ye ocean's dead ;
And the eye of the sea-nymph alone may weep
On the spot where ye thus unguarded sleep.

Oh ! the once-loved and dear, they may never trace
The spot of thy quiet resting place ;
And the heart that in life all its true love gave
May drop not one tear on thy far-off grave !

The sea-bird alone may thy requiem sing,
As above thee it passeth, with restless wing ;
And the murmuring waters, with dirge-like sound,
Alone break the stillness that reigns around.

Unmarked is the place, and no storm may tell,
That fond hearts there were that once loved thee well ;
Unreck'd of thou liest, unknown ! unknown
Is the place of thy grave, save to One alone.

But oh ! unto One who can bid thee wake,
And the spell of the ocean from off thee break ;
And bring thee in triumph to where no sea
Shall ever again sing its dirge o'er thee.

STANZAS.

THE finger of Time on thy brow may press,
And to worldly eyes mar thy loveliness ;
But oh ! unto me, thou wilt ever seem
The once-bright star of this life's dark dream.

The sparkling light of thy spirit, still,
Shall with its radiance my bosom thrill ;
Nor chances nor changes may serve to throw
One shade to darken that light's full glow.

Oh ! thy eyes' deep lustre may fade and die,
And thy hair no longer with gold may vie,
And thy fairy foot may no longer tread
The hill and dale, where it lightly sped ;

But brighter far than thy bright sweet face,
And lovelier still than thy form of grace,
Is thy gentle heart—so true and kind—
And the glorious beauty of thy mind.

Unfading, unfading, *these* still shall last,
When thy youthful bloom shall long have past ;
And with love all quenchless my soul shall fill,
Till the pulses that move it, are cold and still.

OH! BRIGHT IS THE DAY, AND FAIR,
DEAR LOVE.

Oh! bright is the day, and fair, dear love,
Oh bright is the day, and fair;
And the sweet perfume of spring's early flowers
Is scenting with fragrance the air.

The gushing song of the happy birds,
Rises so pure and free —
All nature rejoices—all things seem glad,
But alas! there's no joy for me.

For parting and pain are the notes that wing
Their dirge-like sound in my ears,
Chasing the smile from my trembling lip—
Bedewing my eyes with tears.

Oh! what unto me is the sun's bright gleam?
What is it that bird and flower
Are filling with gladness each tree and field?
They cheer not *my* desolate hour.

Unheeded they pass, while alone I hear
The wail of the murmuring sea;
And the vision that filleth my weary sight
Is a ship, with her white sails free.

Still faster and faster she speedeth on,
 All in vain would I bid her stay ;
 The billows sweep over her foam-capp'd wake,
 As she fades like a spirit away.

Alas ! that wild vision *must* be fulfilled—
 That ship *must indeed* speed forth,
 And bear o'er the waters the loved and dear,
 To buffet the wind's fierce wrath.

Then in vain may the day be fair and bright,
 In vain may the wild birds sing ;
 Till that vision is past, and that ship returned,
 Nought can joy to my sad heart bring.

STANZAS.

OH ! that I were ever near thee,
 Shielding thee from ev'ry ill ;
 I should need no words to teach me
How thy wishes to fulfil.

But thy ev'ry want forestalling—
 Watching thee with loving eyes,
 Till death's angel, softly calling,
 Bid thy spirit seek the skies.

But alas ! this world is weary,
 And the hearts that would be near,
 Oft-times sever'd are, and dreary—
 Doom'd alone their fate to bear,

Oft in sorrow and in sadness,
 Sighing for one tone of love ;
 But for them there reigns no gladness,
 Till they reach their home above.

Oh ! the pain, the bitter anguish,
 All unreck'd of by the world,
 Making heart and spirit languish
 O'er life's billows' wildly hurl'd,

Weary of the waves' dark tossing,
 Weary of the tempest's roar,
 While the stormy sea they're crossing
 Weeping for the better shore.

And *thy* path I know is shaded
 By full many a heavy cloud :
 Thou must tread it all unaided,
 Though the storm rage fierce and loud.

Still, bear on ! there is a haven,
 Sheltered from all earthly ill ;
 Heart, though faint, yet be not craven—
 Joy shall there thy pulses thrill.

There the wicked have no power—
There thy weary soul shall rest ;
 Soon, poor bird, shall dawn the hour
 That shall waft thee to this nest.

TO ———

OH, no! my lot is brighter far—
 I would not change with thee—
 I would not barter for thy gold
 The love that's shed o'er me.

Though gleaming in thy hair they be
 The diamond's brilliant light,
 Though emerald and ruby, rare,
 Begem thy finger's white,

They cannot satisfy the heart,
 Or still its lonely cry;
 Though they may win the homage
 Of each idle passer by.

The hollow world will deeply cringe,
 Not unto *thee* but *them*;
 Its softest smiles are ever giv'n
 To gold and glitt'ring gem.

But oh! the fealty of one heart
Thou knowest to be true,
 Is dearer than unnumber'd crowds
 Who kneel to wealth's gay hue.

Riches! how oft are ye a snare—
 Tempting the youthful heart
 To sacrifice its happiness—
 To play a worldling's part?

Finding, too late, ye cannot bring
 One ray of bliss or love ;
 That, though your chain hath golden links,
 It still a chain doth prove.

How oft doth peace your threshold flee,
 And discontent and woe,
 O'er all your boasted splendour,
 A sombre mantle throw ?

The world may envy thee thy place,
 And pitying look on me ;
 But, oh ! for diadem and throne,
 I would not change with thee.

STANZAS.

THOU hast taught my heart to love thee,
 With a sister's fondest love ;
 With devoted true affection,
 Which time's changes cannot move.

On this earth there dwells no other
 Half so lovely as thou art,—
 Lovely in each sculptur'd feature
 Lovelier in thy pure true heart.

In thy presence, cheering sunshine
 Seemeth unto me to play ;
 When I'm with thee, pain and sorrow
 Feebly flutter and decay.

But the ties to life that bind thee,
 Oftentimes, are tightly strained :
 I have seen with untold anguish—
 With a spirit deeply pained—

How the silver cord has quivered,
 And, at times, has almost snapt ;
 How the golden bowl has tottered—
 Its foundations deeply sapt.

Ah ! my loved one, should we lose thee,
 Should our Father deem it wise,
 In his great and mystic wisdom,
 To recall thee to the skies,

What should we do ? Lone and cheerless,
 What should we do without thee ?
 Bright, sweet flow'r ! if thou should'st perish,
 Life were then but misery.

Misery to those thou leavest,
 But to thee how *great* the gain :
 Let me strive to be less selfish,
 And, without this bitter pain,

To think of thee in other mansions,
 To think of thee in realms of bliss ;
 'T were false affection that would chain thee
 To a world so dark as this.

TO ———

AH!———I wish my tuneful strain
 Could somewhat ease thy heart's dull pain,
 And that the simple lays I sing
 Might help to draw the poison'd sting
 That fills thy soul with anguish great,
 And makes thy young life desolate.

'T is pain and grief to me to see
 How stale are all life's joys to thee ;
 For twenty summers scarce have shed
 Their good or ill upon thy head :
 And yet thou seemest to have quaff'd
 All pleasure at a single draught.

Deem me not bold, if, as a friend,
 I unto thee would counsel lend ;
 If I should bid thee rouse thy heart
 To play a better, worthier part,
 And struggle on still manfully,
 Whatever be thy destiny.

Up! up! and nerve thee to the task—
 None may in endless sunshine bask ;
 Life is a battle, few there are
 That 'scape without some painful scar,
 And oh! to some time ne'er may bring
 A healing balm upon its wing.

Think of the many who have striven
 With every evil under heaven,
 Without one ray of blessed light
 To shine throughout their long, long night,
 Without one tone of love to cheer—
 One eye to drop a pitying tear.

Oh think of these, and lift thine eye
 To catch the light that o'er thy sky
 In many a brilliant sunbeam plays,
 Hopeful and cheering in its rays;
 Think of the many voices still
 With tones of love for thee that thrill.

The world! what is it but a dream?
 Oh, would'st thou put out ev'ry gleam
 Of sun that on thee still would smile
 And cheer thy heart a little while?
 Sorrows are fleeting, great and small,
 Death comes, and puts an end to all!

Then listen to a friend, sincere,
 Oh, bend thee to my earnest pray'r:
 Throw off the weight that binds thy soul,
 Rouse all thy powers of self-control,
 Lift up thy thoughts to Him who sends
 All trials for his own wise ends.

A PRAYER.

FATHER! who, from on high,
 Watches the ocean's swell,
 Oh! be Thou ever nigh
 Him whom I love so well.

Let not the stormy wave
 Engulph his fragile bark,
 Oh! be Thou near to save,
 In tempest wild and dark.

And in the still calm day,
 When outward all is fair,
 When wind and waters play
 And sunshine fills the air,

When o'er the dimpled sea
 A mystic music sweeps,
 And, in their free, wild glee,
 Each billow sportive leaps,

When, lull'd by all around,
 The heart knows no more dread,
 Oh! in Thy love profound,
 Guard the unconscious head.

Let not the bow be bent,—
 The unseen arrow stay;
 Each lurking ill prevent,
 By night, and through the day.

And when his haven gain'd,
 Oh ! on that burning shore
 Where fell disease hath stain'd
 The land for evermore,

Let not the poison'd breath
 Of fever on him fall ;
 Oh ! stay the hand of death !
 Father ! on Thee I call.

Bend down thy gracious ear,
 For Thou alone canst save ;
 In mercy hear my prayer :
 Humbly Thy help I crave.

A BARK O'ER THE WATERS SPED GAILY AT MORN.

A bark o'er the waters sped gaily at morn :
 Alas ! ere the evening, 't was vanished and gone,
 And the roar of the tempest, the foam, and the spray,
 Swept over the spot where in beauty it lay.

Thus youth's early morn, with fair promise, is bright ;
 Where is its fulfilment ere cometh the night ?
 Grief's high-surfing billows have shut out the dawn,
 And the life-boat lies stranded—a wreck all forlorn.

Like the mist of the valley, which quickly hath fled
 From the spot where so deeply it gathered and spread—
 Like the down of the thistle, one moment 't is there,
 And the next it is borne far away on the air.

Like a beautiful flow'r, at beginning of day,
 By careless hand plucked and flung worthless away ;
 Crushed and broken its bright leaves, its loveliness fled,
 As it lies all unheeded, low, low with the dead.

Like the leaves in the autumn so lowly that lie,
 Softly muffling the footsteps of those who pass by,
 Like the stream whose sweet music, enchanting and low,
 Is silenced and hushed when cold wintry winds blow.

Like *all* these, our hopes soon have perished and gone,
 As the bark, and the mist, and the flower at morn—
 As the leaves and the music by running stream given,
 One by one, from our grasp they by time are all riven.

Oh ! well, well for us that there is a bright land,
 Where flowers ne'er perish, and on whose far strand
 Our barks may find haven, where never shall roll
 The deep waves of sorrow, to shatter the soul.

STANZAS.

Oh! had I wand of fairy,
 I would strew thy path with flow'rs;
 Ne'er again should sharp thorn spring
 Amidst thy sunny bowers.

Oh! had I wand of fairy,
 I would bathe thy brow in light,
 Whose rays should never more be quench'd
 In sorrow's dark'ning night.

I'd cast my magic round thee,
 And, o'er thy lovely head,
 No thick cloud there should gather,
 But rainbow-hues be spread.

Oh! had I wand of fairy,
 Thy tears should fade away,
 And a smile rest on thy sweet lip
 That should never more decay.

This rough world's bitter jarrings
 Should not cause thee one sad sigh,—
 Thy heart should ne'er be wrung again
 By misery's sharp cry.

Oh! had I wand of fairy,
 I'd touch thy mem'ry's string,
 So that, when thou swept the chords,
 No sadden'd thoughts 't would bring.

But all the hours of brightness
 O'er thy early days that pass'd,
 Should cheer thee with their lightness,
 While memory should last.

Oh! had I wand of fairy,
 Never round thee there should breathe
 The cold, the false, the heartless,
 That with honied words deceive;

Nor those who in their selfish love
 (If love we can it call),
 Would make thy life a slavery,
 And thy free will enthal.

Thus would I use its magic,
 Had I a fairy's wand;
 Till thy spirit took its flight,
 This hollow world beyond.

OH! WHERE MAY NOT SORROW ENTER?

Oh! where may not sorrow enter?
 Can the palace be secure?
 Can gold, with its lordly power,
 To her bar fast the door?

Will she flee from the step of beauty?
 Or shall youth bid her come not nigh?
 Can the strong, in their strength, defy her,
 Or scathlessly pass her by?

Can the ear laid on downy pillow,
 Shut out the sound of her wail?
 Or curtains, so soft and costly,
 Cause her dread footsteps to fail?

Nay! neither hall nor castle,
 Though stately and proud they be,
 Can bid, from their noble portals,
 The pale form of sorrow flee.

She heeds not the bidding of any,
 But alike spreads her darkest pall
 O'er the home of the cottager lowly—
 O'er palace, o'er castle, and hall.

She will stand by the downiest pillow,
 And the gem-circled head shall droop;
 For the touch of her cold wan finger
 Makes the strongest and stoutest stoop.

In the early morning watches,
 In the mid-day's blazing light,
 In the soft dim twilight hours,
 In the darkness and gloom of night,

She will come, for no time she heedeth,
 To all places, all climes, she bears
 The shaft whose rank, bitter poison,
 Turns laughter and mirth to tears.

On earth none can 'scape her arrows,
 The pierc'd heart can only wail,
 And wait, with an eager longing,
 For the home she may not assail.

LINES.

THOU art far away, on a foreign strand,
 And the bright and gay round thee throng;
 But I know there is nought in that distant land
 That can comfort thy heart for long.

I know at the dim silent hour of eve,
 When the twilight is fading away,
 That thy thoughts all the objects around thee leave,
 And roam far o'er the ocean's spray.

And the tear will rise, and the sigh will swell,
 As thou think'st of thy forest home,—
 Of the lonely hearth, where thy love doth dwell—
 Ah! why did fate bid thee roam?

'T is a cruel lot, to be severed so,
 From all that the earth holds dear;
 To drag out, in loneliness, grief, and woe,
 The hours of the long, long year.

There are fears in the day, and wild terror by night,
 Should the wind in its fury rage high;
 There are tears, all unreck'd of, ere morning light
 Sheds its ray o'er the gloomy sky.

There are thoughts ever ready to start, and fill
 The mind with a blank despair;
 Imaginings dark, that one may not still,
 All, a weary sad load to bear.

Oh! who, that has loved with a woman's heart,
 And hath breathed that bleak word farewell,
 Hath not found that the breast sheathes full many a dart
 That poisons too deeply life's well.

That wave upon wave, ere the loved one returns,
 O'erwhelms with a nameless dread—
 That hope's sweet ray trembles, and faintly burns,
 And we sigh for the light it once shed.

I know that the thought often gives thee pain,—
 That these lonely hours are mine;
 But my yearning affection in vain, in vain,
 Would waft thee to me, o'er the brine!

DEATH'S STREAM.

RAPID river! rolling onward!
 Rolling onward, without stay,
 I, perchance, shall stem thy dark waves
 Ere there dawn another day.

I am weary of life's turmoil,
 Heart and spirit long have striven
 'Gainst the evil in my nature—
 'Gainst the sin that shuts out heaven.

Satan's temptings, deep and subtle,
 Ever urging something wrong,
 And with cunning, hid devices,
 Leading captive souls along.

Ever near us—ever ready !
 Watching for th' unguarded hour ;
 Watching, with a fiendish patience,
 Us to lure to his fell pow'r.

Weak and weary with the conflict,
 Oft with tears and prayers sustained,
 Sometimes sinking, almost conquered,
 Mind and body sorely strained.

Oh ! dark river ! on thy bosom
 My frail boat I would embark ;
 Thou alone can quench the evil
 Kindled here by smallest spark.

On thy banks I'm now reposing,
 Waiting for thy tide to roll
 O'er me ; and, within its surges,
 Back to bear my ransomed soul.

To bear it to the shore, where never
 The tempter's foot can come in quest ;
 Where ne'er again shall evil promptings
 Break its peaceful, glorious rest.

I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee when spring's soft breath
The violet's perfume steals ;
When golden cowslips stud the banks,
And bird its anthem peals.

I think of thee in summer time,
When gorgeous beauty reigns,
Decking, with many varied hues,
The valley, hills, and plains.

I think of thee when autumn leaves,
In silent sorrow, fall ;
Spreading o'er the departed flowers
A thick and heavy pall.

I think of thee when wintry winds
Are blowing, keen and strong ;
When nature sleeps the sleep of death,
And birds have hush'd their song.

I think of thee at morning's light,
I think of thee at noon,
I think of thee when gently fall
The soft rays of the moon.

I think of thee in many an hour,
 When darkness covers all.
 When other, lighter hearts, perchance,
 Are wrapt in sleep's sweet thrall.

There's not a season of the year,
 There's not an hour, or day,
 That thou, my own beloved one,
 Art from my thoughts away.

And is it thus with thee, beloved ?
 Do thy thoughts constant dwell
 On her who gives her whole heart's strength
 To loving thee so well ?

I know thy mind has many cares—
 Stern duty calls thee, oft,
 And leaves nor space nor time to dwell
 On love's entrancing thought ;

But when the labour of the day
 Is o'er, and evening spreads
 Her mantle o'er the earth, and on
 Thy heart her influence sheds,

Then doth thy fancy wing her flight,
 Far from that clime away—
 Far o'er the deep sea, that divides,
 To where I lonely stray ?

Dost thou then sigh for vanished hours,
 And long for that bright day,
 When, from my side, duty no more
 Shall call thy steps away ?

Ah yes ! I *know* thy heart is true,
 For I have *tried* its worth—
 Have proved it in its hour of grief,
 And in its days of mirth ;

Have looked into its inmost depths,
 And feel that time nor change
 Can ever rob me of its love,
 Or one fond thought estrange !

UNA.

'T is evening tide in the far west,
 The burning sun has sunk to rest ;
 But still the glory of his reign
 With golden tints each cloud doth stain,
 And with a purple-colour'd zone
 Has belted the wide horizon.
 The mighty forest calmly sleeps,
 No breath through its dense foliage sweeps ;
 Each giant tree, in the dim light,
 Seems reaching to the heaven's height,—
 The topmast branches finding shroud
 Within the soft and mellow cloud.
 The silver ripples of a lake
 Alone this silent hour doth break,
 Seeming, in murm'ring tones, to sing
 Departing day's low requiem :
 Reflecting, on its bosom true,
 The sky's mix'd shades of gold and blue ;

While one bright star deep, deep there lies,
 As though 't had wander'd from the skies.
 Oh ! lovely hour ! oh, lovely spot !
 Once seen, through life still unforget.
 But hark ! a muffled paddle stroke
 The holy hush of eve hath woke,
 While, gaining slowly on the view,
 From yonder shore, steals a canoe.
 It skims the water like a bird,
 Its pathway making scarcely heard ;
 A graceful thing, of birchen bark,
 But fragile as the bulrush ark
 That Pharoah's daughter stoop'd to save
 From sinking in the eastern wave ;
 But fearless is the hand that plies
 The paddle, while the light bark flies.
 So swift and rapid is its flight,
 Surely 't is mov'd by arm of might ;
 Nay, 't is a hand of softest mould
 The dipping paddle doth enfold,
 And lovely too, of perfect form,
 That hand alone a heart might storm,

But how describe the form and face,
 So matchless in its native grace,
 Of that dark Indian girl, who now
 Hath touch'd the shore with the light prow
 Of her frail boat, and with a bound,
 Light as the chamois on the ground,
 Her dainty foot, in mocassin,
 The sandy beach scarce print leaves in ?
 Her clear brown oval cheek display'd
 A warm soft tint, exertion made

Still deeper than its wont the glow
 That there in beauty rested now.
 Her eyes, that lake was not more bright
 Than they in their full dazzling light,
 And yet at times (as now) they fell
 Melting and soft. Surely love's spell
 Alone hath power to subdue
 And mellow eyes of such a hue.
 Her raven hair, in massive braid,
 A coronet unrivall'd made ;
 While silver bead was here and there
 Mingled amidst its tresses rare.
 A child of nature ! yet a queen
 Bore not a nobler, statelier mien.

Her kirtle (broider'd with the hair
 Pluck'd from the throat of the moose deer,
 In many varied colours dyed
 With juice from forest plants supplied)
 Scarce reached her ankle, which was hid
 By legging, richly wrought with bead.
 Oh ! what had haughty titled dame
 Given that fairy foot to claim,
 Which peep'd beneath that kirtle bright,
 Claiming and rivetting the sight ?

One glance around she quickly cast,
 One small hand o'er her brow she passed,
 As if deep thought was gathering there,
 And then the slightest shade of care
 Gleam'd in her eye, and her fair head
 Was bent, as list'ning for the tread

Of some lov'd foot, nor bent in vain,
 For ere the dying light did wane,
 Quick through the tangled underwood
 A light but manly footstep trod.
 The life-blood throbs within her breast,
 As though 't would burst her silken vest,
 While every pulse does wildly beat,
 As, the next moment, at her feet
 There kneels one who had taught, too well,
 Her heart to tremble with love's spell.
 Oh! little reck'd he who thus knelt,
 Of love as deep as UNA felt;
 Or else, perchance, he might have stay'd
 The hand that his poor victim slay'd.
Her heart untutor'd in the wiles
 Of fashion's falsest tears and smiles,
 Untainted in its pure fresh thought,
 With fondest true affection fraught.
 This her first love: her haughty soul
 Ne'er bent before 'neath its control,
 Though suitors of her own wild race
 Had oftentimes sought to win her grace;
 But when *he* came, the stranger-guest,
 The flame was kindled in her breast;
 And there it burnt, still gaining away
 And strength with each successive day,
 Till, like a lava tide, its roll
 Engulph'd her inmost life and soul.

This stranger, to their hunting ground,
 Had welcome from her dark tribe found,
 And in her father's own wigwam
 Was shelter'd from the sun and storm;



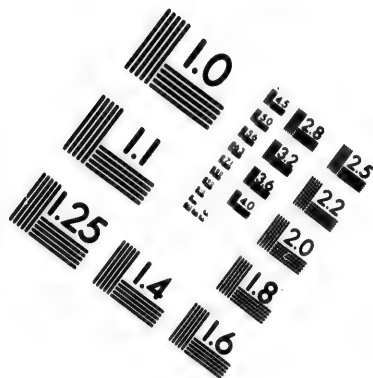
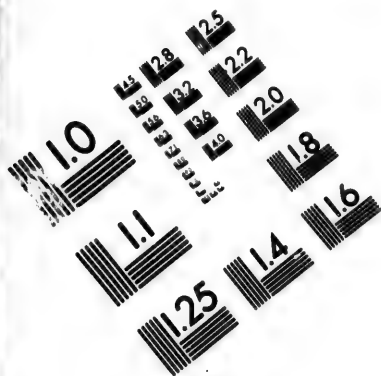
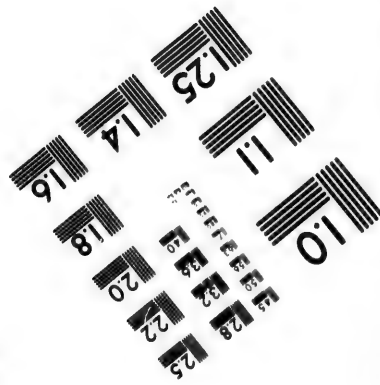
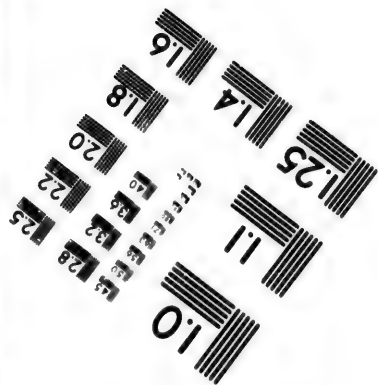
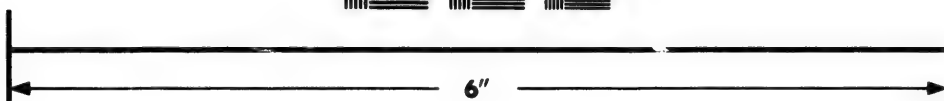
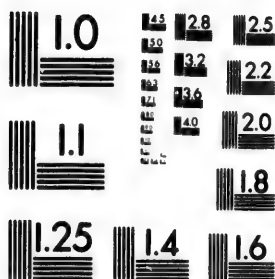


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But, tired of their wild sport, he
 Had often left their company
 (When in the chase they wandered far)
 And turned to seek this one bright star,
 While all his soul's deep pow'rs he lends
 To bend her to his own dark ends.
 In her own language he was skill'd,
 And from *his* tongue its accents thrill'd
 Through her whole frame, as, hour by hour,
 She listen'd to its magic pow'r.
 What other language half so well
 The honied words of love could tell?
 But false his tones! deep, deep the art
 That lurk'd within his harden'd heart—
 Harden'd indeed, or else one ray
 Of pity there had found its way:
 That mine of love by *UNA* giv'n
 Had turn'd his thoughts from earth to heav'n;
 Had bid him smile at worldly pride,
 And make that Indian girl his bride.
 Passion alone *his* pulses thrill'd,
 And with its might the conscience still'd;
 And, his own selfish purpose gain'd,
 This forest flow'r he now disdain'd,
 And on that very eve had come
 To bid adieu to her wild home.

* * * * *

Lords of creation! well ye claim
 For selfishness undying fame!
 What! could not *one* bright peerless star
 Shine in that western forest far,

But thou must drag it from its sky,
 And quench its light in misery?
 Could not *one* flow'r—one wild, wild rose—
 Remain in undisturbed repose,
 But thou must tear it from the stem
 Where it grac'd nature's diadem,
 And, robb'd of all its sweetness, fling
 It to the ground, a worthless thing?

"Leave me! ah, no! thou speak'st to prove
 "My true and never-dying love;
 "Breathe not such words again, for deep
 "The pain that through my heart doth creep,
 "Though idle all, and playful said,
 "A shudder through my frame hath sped.
 "Could UNA live, and thou away?
 "Oh! what to her would be the day
 "Or night—sunshine or storm—
 "Chill winter, or the spring's breath, warm?
 "What unto her, earth, sea, or sky,
 "If thou, her heart's pulse, were not nigh?"

"Nay, UNA, listen, 'tis no jest:
 "Banish my image from thy breast,
 "Forget that thou hast ever seen
 "One who too happy here has been,
 "And whose heart bleeds that he must roam
 "Now, far away from thy sweet home.
 "Look not so strangely, some fond heart
 "Mongst thine own race a lover's part
 "Will play, and time will quickly blot
 "Me from thy mem'ry's hidden spot.

" One last fond kiss, UNA ! farewell ! "
 And he is gone ; yet from the spell
 His fearful words had o'er her thrown
 She wakes not ; but with low sad moan,
 Falls to the ground ; her dark eyes close,
 As though in death's last still repose ;
 But not for long, soon the hot blood
 Leaps through her pulses like a flood :
 She gains her feet, he is not there !
 One shriek, piteous in its despair—
 One sudden plunge—and all is o'er !
 The dark-eyed UNA lives no more.

That shriek had through the forest sped,
 And chill'd the breast of him who fled
 With terror, for he knew too well
 It was a broken heart's last knell.
 He sought again that fair lake's side,
 There the canoe, by UNA tied,
 Still lay ; but ne'er again *her* hand
 Shall waft it o'er to yonder strand.
 " UNA ! " he calls : echo alone
 Answers his wild imploring tone.
 The large drops on his cold brow stand,
 For there, just wash'd upon the land,
 One tiny mocassin now lies,
 And sequel to his doubt supplies.

Till break of day he watch'd the spot,
 Then turn'd and fled, but ne'er forgot
 Through life : still that despairing scream
 Haunted him waking, and each dream

Of midnight bore him to the lake
 Where he that last farewell did take ;
 And, canker'd with remorse, his life
 Was one sad round of weary strife ;
 Warring against an unseen hand
 That beckon'd him from that far strand,
 Pointing with spectral finger where
 Lost UNA's dark eyes coldly stare
 In death's fix'd gaze ; until, at last,
 Reason bow'd down before the blast ;
 And in a raving maniac's cell,
 The clanking irons round him fell.

THINGS MOST DEAR MUST CHANGE.

Things most dear must change,
 As Time onward flutters :
 'Neath his swift wing's range,
 Decay her sad voice utters :
 Gleaming tresses, bright,
 Soon must loose their brightness
 Fairy footsteps, light,
 Bid adieu to lightness.

Eyes, that thrill the heart
 With their sparkling glances,
 Shall no joy impart
 As grim Time advances,

Lips, whose rosy hue
 Tempt love's sweetest kisses,
 They must mingle, too,
 With departed blisses.

Voices that we prize,
 Filling us with pleasure,
 Wafting to the skies
 Some soul-stirring measure,
 Soon no more shall sing;
 Or the taper finger
 On th' enchanted string
 Sweetly, fondly linger.

Graceful, floating forms,
 With your fair proportions,
 Rounded, dimpled arms,
 Age, with its distortions,
 Shall ye sadly change:
 Wrinkled, withered, hoary—
 It will then seem strange
 How all did adore ye.

But the heart that's true,
 Time can *never* alter—
 Ne'er can change *its* hue,
 Till its pulses falter;
 Till the feeble breath
 Altogether ceaseth,
 And the throes of death
 The spirit, bright, releaseth.

I MAY SING A MERRY STRAIN.

I MAY sing a merry strain,
 Deem not, because I do,
 That my breast is free from pain,
 That my heart is merry too.
 The song may still be gay,
 And on the lip a smile,
 And yet the heart, there, may
 Be breaking all the while.

The world may never know,
 The griefs that inward lie,
 Nor see the tears that flow
 In secret from the eye ;
 When lips with laughter ring,
 Oh ! little does it guess
 How deeply sorrow's sting
 Has poison'd happiness.

How little does *it* know
 The thoughts that thickly throng,
 Bidding the mem'ry flow
 Back to days fled and gone ;
 And now, perchance, the lay
 That on *its* ear doth swell,
 Though it be light and gay,
 Comes up from sorrow's well.

Thus, as I sing the song
 Taught by those far away—
 Unto better mansions gone,
 Where joy doth ne'er decay—
 The voices that the hush
 Of death hath sunk in sleep,
 Still o'er my mem'ry rush,
 And I could wildly weep.

WHAT SHALL I SING?

WHAT shall I sing thee?
 Would'st thou recall
 Hours long vanish'd
 Spent in love's thrall—
 Hours that fled
 Swiftly away,
 With time's wing gilded
 In hope's bright ray?

Little thou thought'st then,
 In thy spring's morn,
 How summer roses
 Hid the sharp thorn;
 How, midst life's garden,
 Seemingly fair,
 Lurk'd the dread serpent,
 Twining his snare!

What shall I sing thee ?
 Time hath swept on,
 With dreary footsteps
 Since those days gone ;
 Wherefore recall them ?
 What but regret
 Could fill thy bosom ?
 Better forget !

Better to let them
 Sleep in the cave
 Where mem'ry laid them,
 In its deep grave ;
 Calmly they slumber,
 Let them alone,
 Stir not the curtain
 Over them thrown.

Then bid me sing thee
 Songs never heard,
 By whose gay numbers
 Ne'er shall be stirr'd
 Thy soul's emotion,
 And whose light strain
 Shall bring no visions
 Thy heart to pain.

STANZAS.

OH! would that thou wert here, beloved!
 My heart has weary grown;
 And day by day, and hour by hour,
 I feel more sad and lone.

The summer flow'rs are blooming bright,
 The soft winds gently blow,
 And, o'er the green and velvet turf,
 The shadows come and go.

The fleecy clouds sweep calmly o'er
 The sky of sapphire hue,
 I watch them with unseeing eyes—
 My thoughts are far, with you.

They bid me lift my voice in song,
 They tell me to be gay,
 But oh! I cannot merry be
 While thou art still away.

To them I speak not of my love,
 For words could not reveal
 How fondly, deeply, fervently,
 Its mighty pow'r I feel.

How every dream and waking thought
 Is still and ever thee!
 How every word and look of thine
 Thrills yet in memory!

My aching heart throbs with the pain
 Of loving thee so well ;
 Did it feel less, 't were happier 'neath
 The bane of thy farwell !

But now, scarce does a moment pass
 Without the fervent pray'r,
 Breath'd in my soul's deep misery—
 " Oh ! would that thou wert here ! "

A PRAYER.

I AM kneeling in my anguish,
 Father, look down on me ;
 My heart and spirit fainteth
 In this uncertainty.
 Father, if he's in peril,
 Stretch out thy hand to save ;
 Oh ! stay the angry tempest—
 Calm, calm, the surging wave.

Sad doubts and fears oppress me,
 I know not why they come !
 Oh ! guard him, till in safety
 He reach again his home.
 With Thy great pow'r sustain him,
 Help him to look to Thee,
 For thou alone canst bear him
 Unharm'd o'er the wild sea.

Chase back these fears that haunt me,
 Father, lift off this cloud,
 Which, with its heavy darkness,
 The light around doth shroud !
 Teach me with firm reliance
 To place my trust in Thee,
 Forgive, and lift my spirit
 From this despondency.

My heart and my affections,
 Oh ! teach me them to rule ;
 And, in true heavenly wisdom,
 My wayward soul to school.
 Let not an earthly idol
 Claim my first love from Thee,
 Let me not bend in worship
 To frail mortality.

Oh ! send Thy spirit to me,
 And calm this beating brain,
 And grant me strength and courage
 Earth's conflicts to sustain.
 Let hope again uphold me,
 Father, in mercy hear,
 And, from the dreaded evil,
 If 't is thy will, me spare.

My treasure to Thy keeping
 In faith I would resign !
 'T is safer in thy bosom,
 My father, than in mine ;
 Help me to still this terror,
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And calmly on my pillow,
 This night, my head to lay.

LINES.

OH! what will be thy future?
 Would, would that I could know!
 Will't be as is thy present,
 A tale of pain and woe?
 Or will thy evening hours
 Sink down in peace and rest,
 And thy heart, now sad and suff'ring,
 With happiness be blest?

I hear thy silv'ry laughter
 ('Tis music to my ear),
 I see thy bright eye sparkling,
 As though it knew no tear;
 And the gay world around thee
 Deem that thy heart is light—
 Deem that thou 'rt what thou seemest
 To their dull erring sight,

Would that it were not seeming,
 But ah! I know its worth;
 How oft thy heart is aching,
 Though thy lip is bright with mirth;
 I have watch'd the quiv'ring eyelid,
 I have mark'd the anxious eye,
 And have seen thy bosom struggling
 To suppress the gasping sigh.

Thy cross thou bravely bearest,
With a woman's spirit, strong
To suffer, and in silence,
Uncomplaining of the wrong.
Thou tread'st thy thorny pathway,
And the bleeding wounds dost hide;
Stooping not to the world's pity,
In thy woman's noble pride.

Yes! sad and hard thy fate is!
Will time bring no relief,
Or, with relentless fury,
Increase thy load of grief?
Dim is the distant future,
Oh! would that I could see,
Within its misty valley,
Sweet peace and rest for thee.

WHEN? OH, WHEN?

WHEN? oh, when? the words still ring
 Upon my ear, and with them bring
 A tide of untold grief;
 The future darkly seems to loom,
 Deep'ning the present's heavy gloom:
 Where shall I find relief?

When? oh, when? the deep seas roll
 Between us, and my hope's fond goal
 Perchance may ne'er be gain'd;
 My heart again may never wake
 To joy, and time may never break
 The spell that long has pain'd.

When? oh, when? oh, would that I
 Could, to thy asking, make reply—
 Could bid the *when* be *now*;
 But years may pass, and who can tell
 How many, while the deep sea's swell
 Shall still between us flow?

Oh! could I still the sadd'ning tone
 That on the air around makes moan,
 Perchance my heart might then
 Throw off the weight of dull despair
 That presses on it, as I hear
 That whisper'd when? oh, when?

THE SUMMER'S DEATH!

THE summer time! the summer time!
 Oh, it its dying now;
 And keenly through the trembling boughs
 Begins the wind to blow.

The gay flow'r's, one by one, drop off,
 The bare stems grimly stand,
 Like sentinels, o'er the dead leaves
 Pluck'd by chill autumn's hand.

And gone from out the once-green bow'r's
 The carol of the bird,
 That o'er the heart sweet memories
 Of youth's bright hour oft stirr'd.

And gone the reaper's cheerful strain,
 The fields, where golden grain
 Waved in its beauty, now are bare,
 And bleak as desert plain.

Thus do the hopes of youth die out,
 As fades the summer time;
 And mournfully time o'er them tolls
 A sad and sullen chime.

Blighted and wither'd, on the ground,
 Prostrate and cold they lie;
 And life, of its bright tints bereft,
 Shrinks 'neath the wintry sky.

Oh ! blossoms of the summer time !
Ye will return again ;
And still the golden corn shall wave,
There on that barren plain.

And birds once more shall stir the air
With their sweet minstrelsy ;
And tree and bow'r, in emerald garb,
Be filled with melody.

But when again shall bloom dead hopes ?
Alas ! once they have fled,
No breath of spring shall call them forth
From out their wintry bed.

Year after year heaps up the soil
That on their grave doth press ;
Oh ! never can they crown again
Life, with their loveliness.

The spring that dawns when time shall die
Alone from out the tomb
Shall bid those wither'd buds yet glow
In full fruition's bloom.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

AND didst thou think true woman's love
 Was born of mortal mould?
 Ah, no! in realms far, far above,
 It claims its birthright's hold!

Thou hast read little of its page—
 Still less hath felt its force—
 To deem that aught can e'er assuage,
 Or turn it from its course.

Life's storms, when once it taketh root,
 May rage, but rage in vain;
 They may not crush its smallest shoot,
 Or one bright blossom stain.

It knows no thought of self—no thought
 Of wrong, of slight, of ill;
 'Tis as a furtive sunbeam caught,
 With light the heart to fill.

With light so brilliant that no shade
 Without, however dark,
 Hath pow'r to penetrate and fade,
 Or quench one glowing spark.

Oh! mighty power! earth hath no claim
 To call thee child of hers,
 And yet, how oft thy pure, bright, flame
 Amidst her haunts appears.

How many a grave as inmate holds
 The heart where thou hast dwelt?
 How many a winding-sheet enfolds
 The form that daily knelt,

And prayed, with deep and fervent pray'r,
 For one all worshipp'd still—
 For one who 'd caused the burning tear
 Of shame those eyes to fill?

Oh! woman's love! quenchless in death—
 Deep as the pathless sea—
 Unchanging, till the latest breath
 Floats to eternity!

STANZAS TO D——

AND once again, dear kindred heart,
 We've met, and still unchang'd
 As in the hour when we did part—
 Time neither has estrang'd!

Years, not a few, have waned since we
 Wept out the word Farewell!
 And now, as then, I feel for thee
 Friendship's deep, potent spell.

I see thy pure, true soul, look forth
 From out those honest eyes ;
 'T is not their beauty, but the worth
 That in them dwells, I prize.

Since last their light upon me beam'd,
 I've turned full many a leaf
 Within life's book, o'er me has stream'd
 Knowledge of joy and grief.

And still, through all, the sister's love
 That fills my heart for thee,
 A love that's registered above
 Firm in its purity,

Has wan'd not, but still brightly burns
 As when was lit the flame ;
 And year by year my spirit learns
 To bless the hour thou came

To my far home—to bless the hour
 That gave to me and mine
 The friendship, mighty in its pow'r
 And truth, of thee and thine.

Time's ruthless hand may steal the charm
 That pleased our youthful eyes :
 The heart! the heart! he cannot harm
Its beauty never dies.

Good, faithful soul! thy coming's thrown
 A clear beam o'er my way ;
 And though too soon again thou 'rt gone,
 Still brighter seems the day.

And lighter on me seems to press
 Life's petty ills and cares,
 For thou 'st recalled the hopefulness
 Of youth's confiding years.

And may it be our fate yet oft
 To meet, till this life's o'er ;
 Then, in the mansions up aloft,
 Once met, we part no more.

'T IS SWEET, 'T IS BLESS'D TO MEET
 AGAIN.

'T is sweet, 't is bless'd to meet again
 The friends of early youth,
 And find that time has left undimm'd
 Their honesty and truth.

'Midst the wide world of chance and change,
 What joy the heart does thrill,
 When, meeting, after partings long,
 We whisper—"unchang'd still!"

Few stand the test, alas ! how few !
 Of absence and of years ;
 Friendship's sweet blossom dieth oft—
 Too seldom fruit it bears.

My hopes full many a time I've fix'd
On buds, that promis'd fair ;
But when I came to mark their growth,
Alas ! the blight was there.

But the few buds that time has brought
To full perfection's bloom,
Radiant in beauty, still shall grow,
Till life sink to the tomb.

With such 't is doubly sweet to meet,
Amidst this world's false crowd ;
To feel that time has not the pow'r
Their hearts with change to shroud.

Brightly they shine, like rarest gems,
With lustre true and pure ;
Unshaken, let what will betide,
Their friendship will endure.

STANZAS.

I KNOW that in the world there are
 The vain, the false, the cold,
 And those who, putting worth aside,
 Bow down themselves to gold.

I know that many seem to be
 Not what they are, alas!
 The coin is base, though to the world
 As true it still may pass.

The heart that long has nurs'd deceit
 May show a front so fair,
 That few could guess, amidst life's crowd,
 The plague-spot rested there.

But tell me not that *all* are false—
 Shake not the faith I hold,
 That there are some, and not a few,
 Who, not for sordid gold,

And not for what this world can give—
 Not for its worthless praise—
 Would bid their souls one moment turn
 From truth's pure, guileless ways.

Who, all forgetful of themselves,
 Live but for others weal;
 Oh! let me still hold this belief—
 Let me through life thus feel.

HARK, ON MY EAR.

HARK! on my hear
Falls a low note,
Now a sweet song
Round me does float;

Break not the spell,
Still let me list,
For 't is a strain
Long I have miss'd.

Lost since the days
Of my bright youth,
When those around
Seemed all truth.

Why do the tears
Fall thick and fast,
As it brings back
Days long since past?

Days that to me
Were fill'd with light
Now buried in
Oblivion's night.

Why do I weep?
 Tears cannot bring
 Back the lov'd voice
 That thus did sing.

Why in my dreams
 Comes back the sound,
 Waking my heart
 From peace 't had found—

Stirring the chords
 Of mem'ry's lute,
 That have been long
 Silent and mute?

Yet I would list,
 Though 't is with pain—
 Though my heart break
 With the sweet strain;—

Though it recall
 Days ever fled,
 Ne'er to return
 Back from the dead.

Hush! not a sound!
 Let me list on!
 One by one, fast,
 Vanish'd scenes throng—

Bearing me forth
 From things that are,
 To distant climes,
 To a land far—

Bringing to light
 Faces and forms
 Long that have slept,
 Far from earth's storms.

Oh, lov'd, lov'd tones,
 Once gaily heard,
 When shall be still'd
 Mem'ries ye 've stirred?

HEART-WORN AND WEARY!

HEART-WORN and weary,
 Sigh out thy life;
 Why longer struggle
 Midst the world's strife?

Oh! stay thy throbbings,
 Still thy wild beat,
 Rest thee—oh! rest thee!
 In repose, sweet.

Mournful thy wailings
 Over hopes crush'd—
 Over affections
 Whose chords are hush'd.

Sad and appalling,
 Life seems to thee
 Cold and unstaple
 As waves of the sea.

None to rely on—
 Those that did seem
 Fondest and truest—
 Oh! sad, sad theme—

Have with the changeful
 Grown chang'd and cold!
 Tale full of sorrow!
 Too often told.

Dreary thy moanings—
 Cease thee, oh! cease;
 Earth has no power
 To bring thee peace.

Earth has no comfort,
 Earth has no rest;
 False, cold, and fickle
 Is she at best.

Heart-sore and bleeding
 Sigh out thy life;
 Why longer struggle
 Midst the world's strife?

TO ———

OH ! say not we should happier be
 If thou had'st gone from earth ;
 The place thou hold'st could ne'er be filled
 Beside the household hearth.

No other form, no other face,
 Though beautiful they be,
 Could ever be what thou hast been,
 'Midst thy life's destiny.

What other tongue could speak as thine ?
 What eye so purely beam ?
 What heart so kindly, warmly beat ?
 What smile so sunny gleam ?

I've listened to thy magic tones,
 And felt earth's ills decay ;
 Have felt from off my sky of life
 The dark clouds drift away :

I've looked into thy pure deep eyes,
 With all their world of thought,
 And oh ! the depth and might of love
 They in my bosom wrought !

I've read the beauty of thy heart,
 As 't were a page of light,
 Till on my own, reflected back,
 There stream'd a ray all bright.

And thy sweet smile hath pow'r to soothe,
 And, with its winning grace,
 To make the dim eye brightly beam,
 And sorrow's tear efface.

Oh, no! oh, no! there is not one
 Could fill thy place on earth;
 Where thou art not, the light shall flee
 For ever from the hearth.

OH, LITTLE YE RECK!

OH! little ye reck of the heavy tears
 That in secret and silence I shed,
 Or how my heart sinks 'neath the load it bears,
 And throbs with a nameless dread.

Ye look in my eyes and may deem them bright,
 Ye think that my spirit is gay;
 But oh, in the long, weary hours of night,
 Forced quietude fadeth away.

Then over me sweeps, with resistless sway,
 The tide of my life's lonely lot,
 And sad thoughts, that I crush in the sunshine's play,
 Will up from their hiding spot.

And my spirit bends down with the heavy load,
 And over me hovers despair,
 As I strive to look forth on my future road,
 And mark the clouds gathering there.

My brain it rocks wildly with weight of thought,
 In vain I would bid its pulse cease ;
 Oh ! why is not sleep to mine eyelids brought—
The sleep that alone bringeth peace ?

LINES.

THE ills of life, the ills of life !
 What are they, after all ?
 This world, with all its petty strife,
 Must soon in fragments fall.

Why do we weep for what must be,
 At worst, a passing cloud ?
 Why let the darkness, that will flee,
 With gloom the mind enshroud ?

The little space of mortal life
 Is as a midnight dream ;
 As transitory, and as rife
 With things that only seem.

Reality can ne'er be found,
 Save in the world on high ;
 It never dwells where still the sound
 Of chance and change doth cry.

Then let me fling my fancied grief,
 My sighs, my tears, away ;
 Since life below is much too brief
 To waste in misery.

I'll bid avaunt each thought of gloom,
 And teach my heart to rise,
 From out its sorrow-darken'd tomb,
 To pleasant memories.

I'll wake the music of the past—
 Forget the present hour—
 And, with that mantle round me cast,
 Unfelt the cloud shall low'r.

There's many a chord so sweet and true,
 That needs but touch the string
 To chase away life's dreary hue,
 And back the shadows fling.

Then let me no more sadly dwell
 On ills that with time fall ;
 But, with strong will, each sad thought quell,
 And burst from sorrow's thrall.

WHY SHOULD TEARS AND SIGHS!

WHY should tears and sighs
 Find with me a dwelling?
 I will stay their rise—
 I will check their swelling;
 Bid the struggling sob
 Back to its recesses:
 Why should mem'ry rob
 Life of all that blesses?

What can e'er restore
 Flow'rs once crush'd and broken?
 Vainly we deplore—
 Vain each wild word spoken;
 Back we may not bring
 The sweet perfume scatter'd,
 Or new verdure fling
 Round the bright stem shatter'd.

So the hopes of youth,
 By Time's cold hand wither'd—
 Fancy lost in truth,
 And its bright wings shiver'd—
 Lost, for ever lost,
 Never back returning,
 Though, by earth's storms tost,
 We for them are yearning.

Vain the tears and sighs !
 We may weep for ever !
 Time wails as it flies
 Never, never, never,
 Never can I bring
 Back those hours, so cherish'd ;
 I a requiem sing
 O'er their brightness, perish'd.

Then, oh ! wasting tear.
 Stay your idle flowing,
 Ye but nurse despair
 In my heart that 's growing ;
 Ye but quench the ray
 Of hope that might lighten
 Life's rough, dreary way,
 And its dark hours brighten.

Back ! unto your fount,
 Tears, ye fall unbidden ;
 Sighs, ye shall not mount.
 Back ! when ye are chidden.
 I will wreath my lip
 With the smiles of gladness,
 Pleasures bright draught sip,
 Till I quench this sadness.

ONCE I LOV'D THEE MADLY.

ONCE I lov'd thee madly,
 Now the dream is o'er ;
 Look not on me sadly—
 Cease me to implore.
 Vain the sigh, the tear, the groan,
 They move not my heart of stone.

Once, thy lightest tone
 Made each quick pulse thrill ;
 Now, within life's throne,
 All is hush'd and still.
 Kneel not, in thy wild despair,
 Love's last echoes have died there.

Once you spurn'd the love
 That you now would claim,
 Mercy from above
 Quench'd the wasting flame—
 Quench'd it in the tears that fell
 O'er thy heartless, cold farewell.

Yes! my spirit, freed,
 Bends no more to thee ;
 In *thy* hour of need,
 Calm *my* heart can be ;
 Calmly can I see deep woe
 O'er thy face its shadow throw.

Yet I spurn *thee* not,
 As thou *me* hast spurn'd.
 Anger is forgot—
 Its lamp out has burn'd ;
 But, in cold indifference, I
 Hear thee breathe love's fervent sigh.

Yes ! in vain, in vain !
 Cease your wild lament ;
 If love's arrows pain,
Thou the bow has bent—
Thou hast wing'd the shaft that stings,
 And to thy bosom anguish brings.

TO ———

Oh ! that I had wings,
 Bright, and strong, and free ;
 Swift would be my flight,
 My belov'd, to thee.
 Quickly would I leave
 This cold, dreary land,
 And with song of joy,
 Seek that distant strand.

Other lands, perchance,
 May be brighter far,
 Unto me it seems
 Like some brilliant star ;

For, where thou dost dwell,
 Drear though it should be,
 Like a heavenly sphere
 Must appear to me.

Oh ! that, like the dove,
 To its much-loved nest,
 I could wing my way
 Where for me is rest ;
 Then from every ill,
 Joyously, I 'd flee.
 Grief and pain must die
 Near thee, belov'd, near thee.

THE AUTUMN WIND'S LAMENT

LIST to the autumn wind, sobbing—
 Plaintive its tone—
 Seeming to murmur, in sorrow,
 Summer is gone ;
 Summer, with all its warm sunshine,
 All its bright flow'rs,
 Summer, with all its soft zephyrs,
 All its glad hours.

All its rich verdure hath perish'd,
 Wither'd and dead ;
 The musical hum of the insect,
 The song of bird, fled.

Cold hang the clouds in the heavens,
Gloomy and grey ;
Weeping large drops, as though mourning
O'er summer's decay.

Heavy the mist that enshroudeth
Valley and hill,
Gaunt stand the bare trees, like spectres,
Solemn and still ;
Gone the melodious rustling
Of the soft leaves,—
Earth, in her cold silent chamber,
Their brightness sheathes.

Thus seems the chill wind to murmur,
With its sad moan,
My heart in deep sadness makes echo,
Yes, summer is gone !
And with it the hope that I cherish'd
Hath fled on swift wing,
And alas ! when spring summer reviveth,
No fresh hope 't will bring.

LINES.

OH! bring not back to mem'ry's strand
 That bark whose freight is yet too dear,
 But waft it to some distant land,
 'T will only wake the sigh—the tear—

Laden with scenes of other days;
 Scenes that would but recall in vain
 The hopes that once with sunny rays
 Shone all uncheck'd by grief and pain—

The hopes that made the world to me
 A paradise of love and light.
 Alas! how chang'd seems all to be,
 How perish'd all my visions bright!

Away, away, wake not my heart
 To weep its bitter tears again—
 Those burning tears that sting and smart,
 And leave a dark, undying stain.

Stir not again the heavy sighs
 That swell'd my breast when youth's dream fled;
 Oh, bark! with all your memories,
 Float back and rest among the dead.

THY NAME.

I WHISPER thy name when the morning
 Light tinges the sky,
 And I trust that the pray'r I breathe with it
 Is wafted on high ;
 For I crave ev'ry blessing upon thee
 Our Father can shed—
 That in mercy and love He will keep thee
 From danger and dread.

I whisper thy name through the hours
 Of the long, weary day
 (For drearily, slowly, time passes
 When thou art away),
 And even when sleep holds my eyelids
 With its iron chain,
 *I know in my dreams it is whisper'd,
 Again and again.

When the shadows of twilight are deep'ning,
 And the stars, one by one,
 With their soft, wakeful eyes, 'gin their watching
 O'er the earth still lone.
 When the hurry, the noise, and the bustle
 Of life's busy game
 Is hush'd, in that mystical hour,
 I whisper thy name.

I whisper it softly and gently
 To the stars, as they shine,
 And I ask if thine eyes are then resting
 On them, as are mine.
 And I long to be up where they glisten,
 Thy far land to see,
 And watch, with the eye of affection,
 The spot that holds thee.

I whisper it to the night breezes
 That blow o'er my cheek,
 And whose murmurings, unto my fancy;
 Seem almost to speak;
 And I bid them to waft o'er the deep sea
 A token of love,
 And tell thee my heart, while I breathe,
 From thee ne'er will rove.

I whisper it unto my spirit,
 And bid it be still,—
 And hush its fond longings and yearnings,
 And stay each wild thrill,
 And calm all its fears and its doubtings,
 That oft-times gain sway,
 And in patience bear on through the darkness,
 And watch for the day.

ALONE! ALONE!

ALONE! alone! o'er the far, deep sea,
 Dwells the only heart that now throbs for me.
 Oh! why may I not to that true heart fly,
 Or away from it, here, in my sadness, die?

Alone! alone! o'er the past I weep,
 In the silent hours when others sleep;
 I weep for the days when a spirit, fond,
 Did my sad feelings to mine respond.

Alone! alone! oh, that spirit, bright,
 Hath felt the breath of time's chilling blight,
 And the hand of change hath the notes unstrung,
 That once such sweet melody round me flung.

Alone! alone! I pine for the tone
 And the looks of affection now past and gone;
 Ah! would that for me they might speak once more
 As they did in the clear sunny days of yore.

Alone! alone! through the long, long day,
 To me passes wearily time on its way;
 The sun may shine bright, or the dark clouds weep,
 Blow the zephyr, or storm winds in wildness sweep.

Alone ! alone ! unreck'd of, unfelt,
The frost-king may girdle the earth with his belt,
Or the warm breeze of summer kiss gently my cheek,
Alike they no comfort unto me may speak.

Alone ! alone ! the bright beaming ray,
That shone with such radiance across my bleak way,
Fast, fast is declining, the dark shades of night
Will soon shut it out from my strain'd earnest sight.

Alone ! alone ! oh, the vine is torn,
And affection's crush'd tendrils hang all forlorn ;
The cold wintry wind, with its freezing breath,
Hath over it swept, like the hand of death.

Alone ! alone ! oh, my aching heart
Re-echoes the word in its inmost part,
Till weary of life, and of all around,
It longeth to shut out for ever the sound.

STANZAS.

THERE's now a cloud upon thy brow,
 That ever seems to stay ;
 There's now a look within thine eye,
 That passes not away—

A look of sorrow and of care—
 A look that makes me weep—
 Alas ! that ever such a shade
 Should o'er thy features sweep.

Oh ! for the bright and glowing smile
 That once, with sunny ray,
 Lit up that matchless face, as beams
 Of light o'er waters play.

Oh ! for that laugh, whose si'v'ry tone
 Woke up my heart to glee.
 Alas ! 't is hush'd, to thrill no more
 With its sweet melody.

Thy step no longer bounds along
 O'er terrace-walk, through hall ;
 But, with a slow and weary tread,
 It languidly doth fall.

I watch thee with a sinking heart,
 Thy life, thy youth, seem fled ;
 I tremble lest each coming day
 Should add thee to the dead.

And yet, amidst that countless throng
 I know thou 'dst happier be,
 I know thy spirit longs to burst
 Its bonds, and soar forth free—

Free from life's bitter feuds—its strife—
 Free from its cold, false crowd,—
 Free to float up to realms above,
 Beyond earth's ev'ry cloud.

Oh ! why should I, in selfish love,
 One moment wish thee here ?
 Thy home is not in this dark land,
 'T is in a brighter sphere.

And when I watch thy alter'd brow,
 And see thy languid eye,
 Methinks, almost, I'd see thee go
 Without one tear, one sigh.

THE SEASONS.

I LOVE, I love the Spring time,
 When the sweet, sweet v'lets blow,
 And the cowslip casts away its shroud
 Of white and fleecy snow ;
 And the budding trees and springing grass,
 A pure, fresh fragrance yield,
 And the bleating of the tender lamb
 Resounds from ev'ry field.

I love, I love the Summer,
 With its warm and sunny ray,
 With its gentle, whisp'ring zephyrs,
 With its twilight, soft and grey ;
 With its bird, its bee, its floweret,
 Its tints of emerald dye,
 With its clear and rippling streamlet,
 That so music'ly glides by.

I love, I love the Autumn,
 With its wealth of golden sheaves,
 With its gay and brilliant colours,
 Spreading glory o'er the leaves ;
 With its melancholy breezes,
 That seem to sigh adieu
 To the bright things of the summer,
 Now so faded in their hue.

I love, I love the Winter,
 With its frozen stream and lake,
 And its troops of merry school-boys,
 Gliding on the graceful skate ;
 With its glowing, cozy fireside,
 When the thick, warm curtains fall,
 Spring, summer, autumn, winter,
 I love, I love ye all !

A FRAGMENT.

'T was the time of the summer, the wild joyous birds
 Sang carols from every tree ;
 And the streamlet in music went gurgling along,
 And the bird and the insect, a myriad throng,
 Were happy as happy could be.

But under the oak, by the clear streamlet's side,
 Sat a maiden, all bowed and sad ;
 She heard the sweet songsters, the loud busy hum,
 And a sadness more deep o'er her eye seemed to come,
 And she wonder'd what made them so glad.

She thought of a day in a summer now flown,
 When she sat in that spot not alone ;
 And she thought of a grave in a far distant shore,
 And a face whose dear features she'd gaze on no more,
 And a voice from the world that had gone.

'T is the time of the summer, again it has come,
 And the bird and the bee still are there ;
 But the maiden who sat 'neath the shade of the tree,
 Ne'er again by the streamlet shall weep hopelessly—
 She rests in the calm churchyard near.

PRAYER.

PRAY in the dewy hours,
 When the early day doth dawn,
 When the sweet and beauteous flow'rs
 Wake up to greet the morn ;
 Pray when the mid-day gloweth,
 Pray in the twilight's fall ;
 Pray when the night-wind bloweth,
 And the stars watch over all.

Pray with a humble spirit,
 Feeling how great thy need,
 Pleading not thine own merit,
 Which is but a broken reed ;
 Pray with a strong imploring,
 That may not be denied ;
 Pray with a soul adoring
 The Lamb for sin that died.

Pray with a deep faith swelling
 Within thine inmost heart,
 Pray with a mind rebelling
 Against sin's subtle art ;
 Pray with a stout resolving
 To strive and better be,
 And God, thy sin absolving,
 New strength will grant to thee.

TO ———

OH ! that my tears would move thee
 To turn from sin's dark ways,
 Oh ! that my prayers had power,
 Strong as the sun's bright rays,
 To pierce thy mind's dark curtain,
 And, with a flood of light,
 To show the road to heaven
 Clearly unto thy sight.

Alas ! and alas ! my spirit
 Sinks, as I mark thy course,
 And my prayers rise low and faltering,
 And my voice is chok'd and hoarse
 With the tide of an untold feeling—
 A feeling of doubt and dread—
 That, perchance, ere thy soul awakens,
 Thou may'st lie amidst the dead.

There's mercy for sins repented,
 Oh ! rouse thee, while still 't is day,
 Wrench thy soul from the strong temptations
 That have through thy life had sway ;
 The grave unto thee is nearing,
 Few, at most, can thy years be here ;
 Oh ! turn at my earnest warning,
 Nor in vain let me shed the tear.

List not to thine own deceivings,
 List not to the tempter's word ;
 But hark to the faint small whisper
 That yet in thy heart is heard—
 The ever-true voice of the mentor
 That God unto thee has given,
 Which heard, and which truly followed,
 Will point out the way to heaven.

TO C——

THOU bidd'st me sing a requiem,
 When thy bright soul is freed ;
 Thou bidd'st it sound triumphantly,
 To suit thy spirit's need ;
 But oh ! my voice all powerless
 In that sad hour will be,
 And tears and sobs alone will rise
 In requiem to thee.

I know that in the Heaven above,
 Beyond all earthly care,
 Thy broken heart shall find the rest
 In vain it sought for here.
 I know that this world holds for thee
 Nothing but grief and pain,
 And yet my voice would strive to lift
 Triumphant notes in vain.

It is not that I'd have thee stay

Where sorrow does oppress,

It is not that in selfishness

I'd bar thy happiness,

But oh! to see thee cold and dead—

That form, that face, so loved,

What wonder that my tongue could not

To joyous strains be moved!

To listen for those tones of thine,

But listen all in vain,

To watch thy mouth for that sweet smile

That ne'er may come again,

To see no more the light of love

Shine bright within thine eyes,

Oh! that were agony too great,

Too deep for aught but sighs.

THE DYING WIFE.

SADLY my thoughts rest upon thee,
 Where art thou now ?
 Why are thine arms not around me ?
 Death's on my brow.
 Fast, fast the shadows are falling,
 Faint beats my heart.
 Why com'st thou not to my calling,
 Lov'd as thou art ?

Weary mine eyes, that have wept all
 Their brightness away ;
 Heavy, like rain, still the tears fall,
 By night and by day ;
 Oh ! in this dark hour of danger,
 Where, where art thou ?
 Why doth the hand of a stranger
 Wipe my damp brow ?

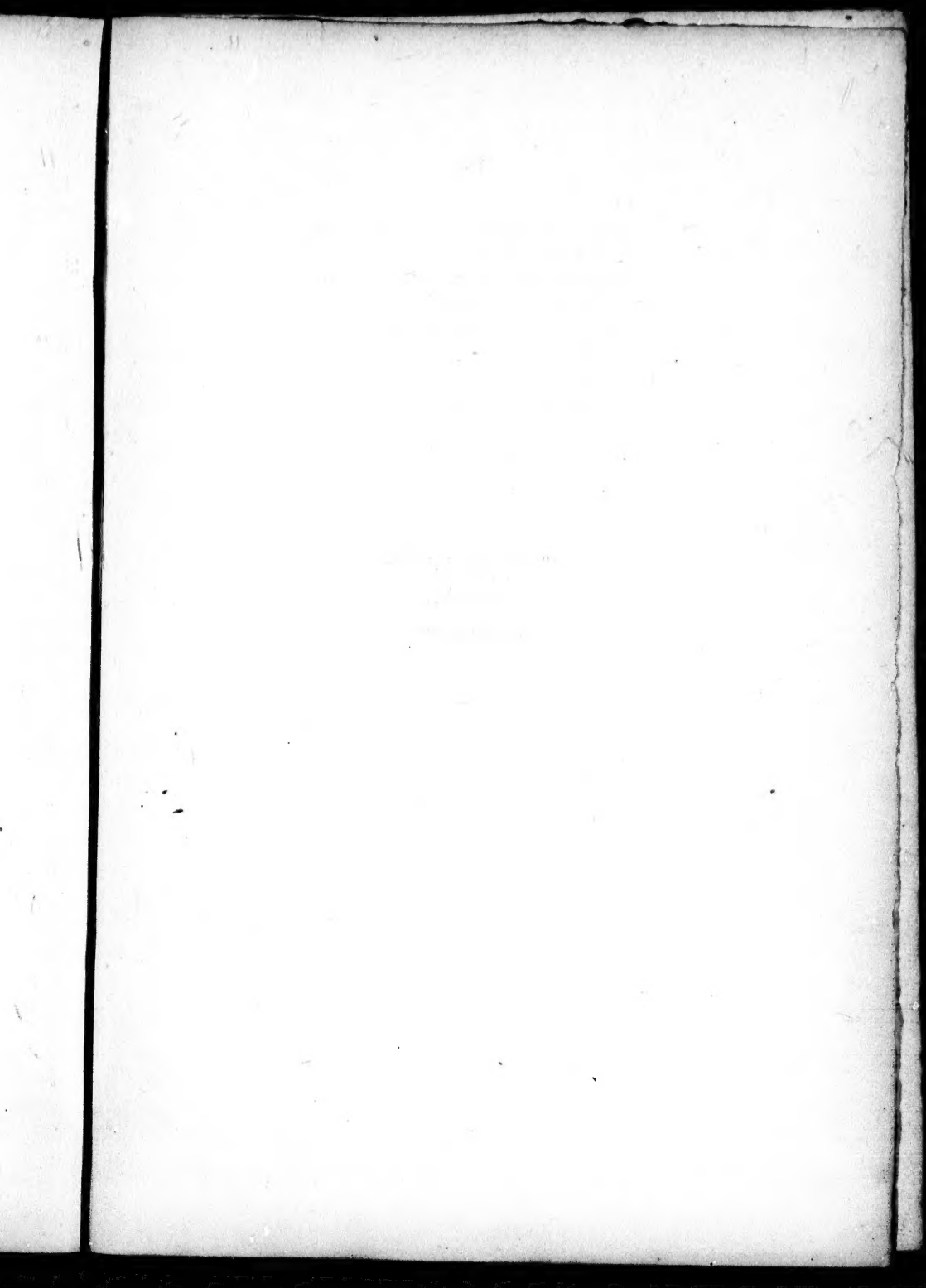
Must I depart and not see thee ?
 What wilt thou do ?
 Thou, in the great love thou bear'st me,
 So fond and true,
 Breaketh my heart with compassion,
 The hour is near,
 Oh ! who will stem thy wild passion,
 Soothe thy despair ?

Little thou dreamest, thou dear one,
 Of the sad truth,
 How thy priz'd flower, thy sole one,
 Blighted in youth,
 Droopingly lieth, all faded,
 Never again
 To lift up the head, all so jaded,
 'Neath sun or rain ;

Never again to give answer
 Back to thy love.
 Loud though thy dear voice may call her,
 It cannot move,
 It may not thrill her cold pulses,
 Once as it thrilled,
 Nor make the fond heart beat quicker
 That death hath stilled.

Faster the shadows are falling
 Dear one, adieu !
 This grief, which will be so appalling,
 God temper to you.
 Above, where there enters no sorrow,
 I'll still watch for thee ;
 Adieu, my beloved, no morrow
 There dawneth for me.

THE END.



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